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Poetry.

EXCUSES FOR KISSING.

A spooner and a spooness sat at eve beside a lake,
And he inquired upon what terms a kiss a spoon might take.
"In kissing, dear," the spooness said, "one mustn't go too far.
Suppose we say we'll have a kiss for every shooting star."
Alas! the clouds came drifting in, and hid the stars from sight;
But the maiden counted fireflies and at last a swinging light—
A lantern by a brakeman waved in signaling a train—
Was made to sanction kisses by the spoony lass and swain.

THE LAZY MAN.

I'm the laziest man, I reckon, that mortal ever seed!
Got money? Nary a dollar! I wasn't built for gre'd.
Fer graspin' an' fer gripin' where the revenue is found;
I'm what you call a lazy 'un—jes' built fer lyin' round!

Contented? Mighty right I am; when spring winds whistle sweet,
In the meadows where the daisies make a carpet for your feet;
Where the nestin' birds are chirpin'; where the brook, in witchin' play,
Goes laughin' on, a-pushin' all the lilies out of his way,
You'll find me almost any time a lyin' at my ease,
With the lull song o' the locust and the drowsy drone o' bees,
Above me and aroun' me; I'm a poet in my way,
An' I'd rather hear the birds sing 'an to shoot 'em any day!

'Jes' laziness," they tell me, an' I reckon they are right;
But the world's so full o' beauty, ad' you can't be much at night!
But different folks has different minds, nor drink from the same cup;
When I'm talkin' to the lilies, they're a-plowin' o'em up.

My field's a pasture for the cows; an' though it never pays,
It's a source o' pleasure to me jes' ter see the critters graze!
The tinkle, tinkle o' the bells is such a pleasin' sound,
But I'm a lazy chap, you know, jes' built for lyin' round!
—*F. L. Stanton.*

Our Story Teller.

CLARA MARKHAM.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS,

Author of "Rogues and Vagabonds," "Lights o' London," etc., etc. (Now first Published in America.)

Everybody was remarking how ill Mrs. Markham looked—that is to say, everybody who lived in the neighborhood and occasionally saw the lady when she was assisted into the landau and taken for a drive. On these occasions Mrs. Markham was always accompanied by her husband, Dr. Markham, and her sister, Miss Wesley. The attention of the doctor to his invalid wife was remarked upon approvingly by the ladies who stood at their windows and saw the care with which he arranged the cushions; and he and Miss Welsey seemed to vie with each other as to who could show the poor sufferer the greatest consideration.

A handsome girl was Miss Welsey—tall, graceful, dark-eyed, and rosy-cheeked—a striking contrast to her married sister, whose figure was bent, whose face was haggard and sallow, and full of deep lines caused by suffering and ill-health.

When the doctor brought his wife home he was only a struggling practitioner, how struggling the tradespeople in the district knew better than any one, for they had the greatest difficulty in getting their money, and then had to take something on account as often as not.

But after the new Mrs. Markham came home things were different; the doctor's practice didn't seem to improve, but his bills were punctually paid, and it soon became known that he had married money.

Of Mrs. Markham before her marriage her neighbors, always curious in a suburban district, had been able to ascertain very little. She was a delicate, fragile little woman, and looked ill when she first came among them, and that rather interested them, because it seemed curious for a handsome, stalwart young fellow like Markham to marry an invalid wife. But it soon leaked out that it had been a "money match" on the doctor's side. In some mysterious way the gossips had got hold of the fact that the Wesleys were distant relations of Dr. Markham, and that they lived in the country with their aunt, a very wealthy old lady, and that it was at her house that Dr. Markham had been in the habit of spending the few holidays that he was able to take.

It also transpired that the aunt had died some twelve months previously, and had left the whole of her fortune to her elder niece, the younger one having offended her some way not ascertained by the anxious inquirers.

The whole story of the past was vague and uncertain, and it got mixed up eventually in passing from house to house, from Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Brown, from the butcher to baker, from the jobbing gardener who kept the garden in order to the housemaid at No. 13, to whom he was paying his addresses.

But there was do doubt about the present situation, which was that Dr. Markham had married the heiress, and brought her up to London to be the mistress of his establishment—and that, being an invalid, her younger sister accompanied her, and her constant companion.

The doctor's practice, in spite of the improved financial position, did not apparently increase. There was a prejudice against him in the neighborhood. It was understood that he was not exactly a nice man.

He didn't know what was said about him, but attributed his failure to the fact of his being a single man. In suburban neighborhoods, especially, there is a prejudice against young bachelor doctors. It was when he was making up his mind that he should never have a chance unless he married, that he received intelligence of the death of the Misses Wesley's aunt. He went down to the funeral and heard of the will. Then he offered his assistance to the young ladies, who were without a male adviser, and finally he became engaged to the heiress, and eventually brought her back as his wife, and her younger sister accompanied her and took up her residence under the doctor's roof.

Among the most frequent visitors was a Mr. Tom Wesley, the young ladies' brother. This gentleman "was something in the city." What, it was hard to define, but it was mentioned that he floated public companies, and, judging by his appearance they had not floated successfully. The gentleman at No. 24, who was himself a financial agent, went so far as to declare that Mr. Wesley bore a very bad reputation in the city, and was no better than an adventurer, and an unlucky one as well.

Tom Wesley had ceased to be a visitor at the aunt's house a long time before that lady's death; but directly Clara married, he became a regular visitor at her husband's, and found in the doctor a willing listener to his grand scheme for acquiring wealth in the city by bold speculation.

There was, however, one little drawback to the launching of these schemes. The doctor was unable to put any money into them because his wife had complete control of her fortune; and, although she was generous enough so far as legitimate expenses were concerned, she refused to hand over the large sums which her husband and her brother wanted.

These facts were not known to the neighbors; they were not the kind of gossip servants could easily get hold of, but gossip of another kind soon began to circulate through the usual channels.

The cook who lived next door to the Markhams told the housemaid opposite, who told her mistress, who told all her female acquaintances, who told their husbands, that poor Mrs. Markham was far from happy; that the doctor was paying so much attention to her sister, that the poor lady would have been blind not to notice it, that the servants in the house said it was "disgraceful."

"They do say,"—this was imparted by the lady at 14 to the lady at 23 in a confidential conversation that they had one evening while taking tea together, "that he was really in love with the younger one all along, but married the elder sister because of the money." It was some time after this interesting conversation that the neighbors began to notice how very much worse Mrs. Markham looked than she had ever done before. In the language of the sympathising female onlookers, she was "a perfect wreck." And when the doctor gave her his arm and helped her so tenderly into her carriage the ladies would exclaim, "The hypocrite!" and when her sister smoothed out the cushions they would say, "The deceitful hussey!" from which it was evident that the good ladies thoroughly believed all they had heard, and were not inclined to give the incriminated couple the benefit of the doubt.

Whether gossip was on the right track or not, it was certain that the doctor's wife was rapidly becoming worse.

The poor lady knew it herself, and her condition alarmed her. There was no specific disease from which she suffered, and yet she grew gradually weaker. Her husband ridiculed the idea of calling in a doctor. It was the old complaint—what she wanted was quiet and care. And she had both.

The only thing that was allowed to upset her was her husband's earnestly expressed wish that she should make a will. He pointed out to her that it was advisable that she should provide for her sister, and otherwise dispose of the property, as according to the terms of her aunt's will the property of her decease would pass to another branch of the family unless she (Clara) should otherwise will it away. It was probable that this clause was inserted as there was a doubt whether Clara would ever marry. If she did she had the power to pass the inheritance on to the children; if she didn't, it would naturally revert to the old lady's other relatives. But it could not pass to anyone but them in the absence of any legal direction by Clara to that effect.

Mrs. Markham, like many invalids, had a horror of discussing her own death, and she didn't relish the idea of making a will at all. But her husband argued with her so persistently that at last, for the sake of peace and quietness, she consented to do so. A proper legal document was prepared, and the property was left to Dr. Markham and the sister, with a small legacy to Tom—and the important document was duly witnessed by disinterested parties.

A week after the will had been made, Tom Wesley came to the doctor with a magnificent scheme. Ten thousand pounds was all that was required to float a concern which in a few weeks would realize a hundred thousand. The doctor was impressed at once—he saw the chance exactly as Tom saw it, and again he applied to his wife.

But Mrs. Markham was petulant, and this demand put her in a temper. "No," she said, "you will have my money when I'm dead—you must wait till then."

From that night Mrs. Markham grew worse with greater rapidity than before. She felt so ill that she pleaded with the doctor to call in a physician. She had taken to her bed by this time, and the doctor promised that if she didn't improve she should have further advice.

At this time, also, she began to conceive a violent dislike to her sister. She asked the doctor to send her away, and to let her have a proper nurse.

The doctor said he would do so, and went out. The sister did not leave, but the next day a young woman from one of the nursing institutions arrived—at least, the doctor told his wife she was a trained nurse, but, as a matter of fact, she was not. She was a young woman recommended by Tom Wesley, and Mrs. Markham noticed that she had a wedding ring on her finger.

Mrs. Wilson, as the woman called herself, was a pale, pretty young woman, of about six and twenty. She was very gentle, but she seemed very nervous. Her face was pale, and she had a frightened look in the eyes that fidgetted the invalid.

Two nights after Nurse Wilson had taken up her post at the invalid's bedside, a very strange thing occurred.

It was 1 o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Markham woke up. The banging of the front door woke her. She opened her eyes, and found that the nurse, who slept in a little bed near her, was not in the room. But she had seen her undress and get into bed two hours previously.

Presently the door opened, and the woman, partly dressed, crept into the room. She had evidently been crying, and appeared greatly distressed.

She went straight to the little table in the bedroom, picked up the medicine bottle, emptied it of the medicine, which was white and colorless, and refilled it with cold water.

The patient saw it.

In a moment the truth flashed across her brain. Her husband had been slowly poisoning her. What had seemed strange to her previously she understood now. She had yielded to her husband's instant entreaties, left him and her sister her money by will, and now he had only one desire—to be free from the poor invalid and to enjoy her fortune.

All the man's desperate villainy came home to the poor creature instantaneously. There are moments in our lives when, as if by magic, all the truth that has hidden the situation of affairs from us is torn aside, and a glaring light beats down upon the truth and makes every detail clear. It was in such a moment as this that the doctor's wife mastered the details of the infamous plot of which she was to be the victim. From that moment she suspected everybody—her husband, her sister, her brother; they were all in league together—all in league to kill her and get her money.

She did not want to die. She was unhappy, and worn out with ill health and suffering. At one time she had felt indifferent to life. She had fallen into that state of lethargy which is often produced by long suffering, when one almost looks forward to death as a boon—as the sleep that is to come at last as a long rest after toil and trouble. But the sudden revelation of her husband's treachery completely altered her mental condition. She was at bay. Her pulse throbbed, her worn-out nerves acquired a sudden strength when she was thus suddenly brought face to face with the danger which threatened her.

She believed that the deadly work had been going on for some time. It might have gone too far already. She might even now be past recovery. But she still hoped that she might save herself now that she had found a friend and ally in the new nurse.

To this woman, as soon as she had recovered from the shock of the discovery, she turned for advice.

She asked her point blank who she was, and how she, a stranger, had discovered a plot which involved such ghastly consequences to those who were concerned in it.

The nurse, who seemed to have lost her self-possession, confessed everything to the sick woman. She told her she was Tom Wesley's wife, and that he had married her some two years previously, when she was a nurse in Charing Cross Hospital, and that for some reason, best known to himself, he had kept their marriage from the knowledge of his relatives.

It was Tom who had insisted that she should come and nurse his sister. It was Tom who had introduced her to the doctor, and told him that she could be trusted.

Why she was selected she quite understood when she discovered the plot. The discovery was due to an accident. After she had gone to bed she remembered that she had left a book down stairs in which her name, her real name, was written "Jane Wesley." The servant might open it and see the name, and it would be known that she was in the house under an *alias*. She partially dressed herself and went down stairs, walking quietly so as not to attract attention.

As she passed the dining-room door she heard the voice of her husband. She wondered why he should have come there so late at night, and without letting her know that he was coming. She listened, and found that the conversation was being carried on by the doctor, her husband, and Miss Wesley.

They said nothing which would have aroused an outsider's suspicion, but they said enough to reveal the fact that they were calculating on the death of the woman she was nursing upstairs, and the best way to get a doctor in, when she grew worse, who would not suspect too much.

Controlling her features with a violent effort, she went into the room. The occupants were evidently disconcerted at her sudden appearance. She explained that she had forgotten her book, and the reason why she was anxious to get it, and they were satisfied.

Jane Wesley's confession confirmed the invalid's worst fears. She knew now that she had to fight for her life.

Her first idea was that in the morning she would insist upon a medical man being called in, but she was afraid of the consequences of such a course to her husband.

In spite of all that had happened, the unhappy woman loved him—loved him too well to bring upon him the punishment that would be his should his guilt be detected.

Far into the night the two women talked, but before the dawn they had agreed upon a plan which was to save the wife from her would-be murderers without allowing them to suffer for their attempted crime.

For a week Jane Welsey nursed the patient in a way the doctor never intended. She pretended to give her the medicine, but instead of that gave her tonics which she had prepared at the chemist's.

At the end of the week, the doctor was astonished at the improvement of his wife's health, and at once suspected the cause. Jane Wesley saw that the counterplot was discovered, and again the two women were terrified. They both believed that the people who had been wicked enough to go as far as the conspirators had done would only be made more desperate by a temporary check to their machinations.

There was but one way now for the wife to escape without betraying her husband by calling in outside aid. She must get away from the house and go somewhere where he could not find her. Jane Wesley feared that her sister-in-law was not strong enough to take a journey, but the invalid insisted that she was. On the following day the doctor and Miss Wesley went out, as luck would have it, both together. The doctor had gone to a patient at the other end of London, and Miss Wesley had gone to the city to see her brother.

When the doctor returned he was met in the hall by the housemaid. "Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "Misses is gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed the doctor, "when did she die?"

"She's not dead, sir—she's gone away—gone away in a cab with the nurse."

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK]

WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN.

When a railroad car passes by you can tell by the number of open windows how many women among the passengers have donned their winter furs.—*Exchange.*

De Smith—I tell you Nellie Travis's mouth is a perfect poem!

Poseyboy—What! How many feet to the line?—*Burlington Free Press.*

What must have been the feelings of a Portland family, who, after moving and getting well settled, Tuesday, discovered that they had moved into the wrong house.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Mrs. Brown—Tell me, Nellie, was your husband much embarrassed when he proposed to you?

Mrs. Younghusband—Not nearly so much as he was after the bills for our wedding reception came in.—*Boston Transcript.*

A bright little fellow, six years old, was told that it took six men and a boy to make a pin.

"Ah!" said he, "I suppose it's the six men that make the pin, and they keep the boy to stick it into to see if it's sharp enough."—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Western paper says that nine women out of ten deceive the public in their make up. This is a malicious libel. It is true, no doubt, that nine women out of ten attempt to deceive, but it is very well known that no one in ten succeeds. Thus perisheth another campaign scandal.—*Boston Transcript.*

You should bear in mind, my friend," said the kind-hearted visitor, consolingly, "that your loss is his gain."

"I do—I do," replied the bereaved cousin addressed, as he took his head mournfully: "I cannot forget it. He had given his note for $175, due next week, and I am in security."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Your pa," said the small child of the physician to the small child of the dentist. "Your pa ain't much."

"My pa's as good as your pa."

"No he ain't. He's only a tooth man."

"Well, he puts in new teeth, anyway, and your pa only gives medicine."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Smith—I called on General Jones soon after dark the other evening, and if you would believe it, he had gone to bed.

Robinson—Yes, the General goes to bed regularly at nine o'clock every evening.

Smith—Humph! I don't wonder they put him on the retired list.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Myrtle—Florence, is that Fred Dumley's handwriting?

Florence—Yes, dear; I'm engaged to him, you know.

Myrtle—Yes, I know it. I was engaged to him last summer.

Florence—My dear boy, I wonder who will marry him eventually?—*Troy Standard.*

STOLEN SMILES.

Puck: No contributions to the "Is Marriage a Failure" discussion have yet arrived from Salt Lake City.

Rochester Post-Express: A hand to hand encounter isn't nearly so disastrous as a hand to nose encounter.

Lowell Idea: Bright boy (visiting pastor)—Now try it on me. Ma says you can put any one to sleep in five minutes.

Burlington Free Press: Blobson—You seem to have a very bad cold? Dumpsey—Yes. Blobson—What are you doing for it? Dumpsey—Coughing.

Detroit Free Press: "What are you here for?" I asked of a colored man in jail at Huntsville, Ala. "Stealin' a pig, sah." "But you knew better than to steal." "I'll know better next time, sah. I won't steal nuffin' dat will squeal on me."

Squelched.

A young man with a glowing face mounted the wheel of a cab yesterday afternoon and looked for a moment over a large crowd of eager citizens, who were reading the election news on a bulletin-board. It was evident he had something to say. He began:

"What's the matter with——"

"Come off!"

"Rats!"

"Get a move on you!"

"Give him a kazoo!"

"Telescope him!"

"Call your voice in!"

He had unfortunately got into a Democratic crowd.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Old Invention.

"Just think of all these new inventions," began McSwiligen; "there's the telephone, the phonograph, the typewriter, the——"

"Oh, that is as old as the invention of printing," replied Squildig.

"What is?"

"The typerighter. All the early printing offices had proof readers."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Couldn't Find Them.

A good joke is told on one of the bailiffs attending court at Lawrenceville last week. The judge directed him to go out in town and bring him the Forty-second Georgia—meaning that volume of Georgia reports. The constable was gone for some time and returned stating that he had searched the town over and could not find a member of the regiment in town.—*Savannah News.*

Unpardonable Ignorance.

First New York boot black—Souy, Mickey, get on ter dis here in der paper bout der new book "John Ward, Preacher."

Second New York boot black—Who writ it?

"Here it says Mrs. Deland."

"Tought it was a woman. Any one else u'd a knowd dat the Giant's crack shortstop hain't no more a preacher dan youse is."

What the Tails Were For.

Mr. Poseyboy is taking tea at the Popinjays. Bridget, in the absence of the maid, is waiting on the table.

Mrs. Popinjay—Bridget, you have forgotten to put on a spoon for the stewed pears.

Bridget—Shure, mem' ol' tought yez wud plook them by the tails.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THEIR PARTING.

"My dear, you'll come and stay a week?"
"Indeed, I wish it much."
His eyes were sad, his voice was meek;
"But business, love, is such"——

"Well, then, on Friday evenings—yes—
And stay til Monday morn?"
"That would not make expenses less."
He smiled a smile forlorn.

"I really cannot promise now;
But, dearest"—here he sighed—
"I shall enjoy the thought of how
You wished me by your side."

"Then I must hurry back," she said,
"Not so, my Minnie dear;
Stay till September's leaves are red."
She kissed him with a tear.

He kissed her with a breaking sob
That sounded like a cough.
The train moved out, he winked at Bob—
"Thank heaven! she's safely off.
—*M. S. Bridges.*

ESTELLE'S HAIR.

It was all the beauty she had, that hair of hers. It fell down to her knees in ripples and waves. She could coil, twist or braid it beautiful each time. It was a golden brown color, and Adolph fell in love with it.

Estelle was an actress of very minor parts and Adolph was far above her in the profession, well paid and handsome.

The hot days of summer were approaching, and the theatre was to be closed for repairs and improvements. Only twelve nigh's more of the "Golden Goose" and then those who would or could might rest for a while.

The leading lady, Mme. Laporte, who was to be queen of the fairies in the next piece, had given the small fry a glimpse of her in street attire at rehearsals, and had condescended to say that she would "give five guineas for that little creature's hair." Hers was the same color, but whose chignon is so perfect in every detail could say.

One night Adolph escorted Estelle home from the theatre, and an hour afterwards some one was heard groaning near the house. Estelle knew it was Adolph by instinct, and with the landlady's sons lifted the prostrate form from the pavement and brought him into the house. A doctor was sent for, and the poor, bleeding, senseless soul was cared for as well as could be.

Robbers had set upon him and had taken from him his pocketbook containing £30 in bank notes, his watch and loose valuables; they had broken his leg and cut his head open in the struggle. It was a long time before Adolph could tell how it happened, and then he confided to Estelle that he had not been remarkably economical, and all the money he had in the world was in his stolen pocketbook.

Estelle had just $11, and that was soon expended in medicine and rent. The theater was closed and there was nobody to call upon. The landlady began to demand her money, and threatened if the money was not paid to have Adolph sent to the hospital.

This, as the doctor informed Estelle, would be a very dangerous matter in Adolph's present weak state, and that he should not be removed for two weeks yet.

Estelle went up to her own room and wept. The old woman would turn him out, and he would be lame for life. It would ruin him in his profession.

While she was weeping the comb fell out of her hair, and its silky weight fell upon her shoulders.

"I'll do it," she said. "Anything sooner than he should suffer so," and putting on her hat she hurried to the street where Mme. Laporte, the leading lady of the coming season, had her headquarters.

She was soon in madame's presence, and letting down her hair, all in ripples, she said: "Madame, you have said often that you wish you had my hair. If you will give me five guineas I will cut it close to my head."

"Five! I'll give you ten for it. Such hair can't be had. But you'll repent it, child."

Estelle was firm in her purpose, and in five minutes more madame had Estelle's hair and Estelle the money.

She sent the package of money to Adolph by the landlady's boy. "Tell him it is from a friend," she said. And Adolph received it as a gift from the gods, attributing it to the generosity of the manager. He paid the landlady, and had some wine and jelly.

In the dusk poor cropped Estelle crept in and out of her home, for while she never went near him when it was light enough for him to see her, and even then she muffled her head in a kerchief. She had looked in a glass just once, and saw such a plain little creature, with such a smooth little round head, that she did not look again. And he was angry at her neglect, and owed her money, and he owed her. But the broken bones knit, and strength came back, and he recovered surprisingly, and the manager came back to town, and all his troubles were over, and when the new fairy piece was advertised he was ready to take part in it.

Estelle was at the theatre the first day of the rehearsal.

The first object that she saw was Mme. Laporte, the leading lady, with Estelle's hair on, fastened by some mysterious band or comb, so that one would have sworn it grew upon the leading lady's scalp. She looked as though she had never met Estelle before.

She walked towards the entrance and met Adolph. He started, looked at her and held out his hand.

"Estelle!" he cried, "have you been ill?" She shook her head.

"What has happened to your hair?" he asked in a lower voice, though the leading lady heard it.

"I cut it off," said Estelle again.

"You've made a fright of yourself," said Adolph, more candidly than politely. "The devil must have tempted you to get rid of your only beauty. Such hair as yours! Great heaven!"

Estelle turned to his hand from her and ran away. Adolph stood staring after her, and then and there the leading lady caught him by the arm.

She was richer than Estelle, but she had a heart; for she marched him into her dressing-room, and there, with her back against the door, took off Estelle's hair.

"Then she stood by me," she said laconically. And Adolph stared in wonder.

"She sold it to me," said the lady. "I found out why afterwards. My doctor told me he attended you. They were going to turn you out of house and home at the risk of your life, and she cut her hair off to pay the landlady. You'd been making love to her, of course, and she was silly about you, and now you snub her for it. And she has not told you a word."

And when the door was opened he departed, hot tears in his eyes, and something in his throat that choaked him, in search of Estelle. He found her in her little room under the eves, flung down upon the floor, sobbing as though her heart would break, and took her in his arms. Whatever he had thought or meant, he thought and meant only what was noble and honorable now.

"Estelle, my darling," he said, "don't cry so! I did not conceive that—that—— How could you make such a sacrifice for a fellow like me? I've just found it out, I"——

"I'm not crying for my hair," she said. "It is better to lose it than that you should have been lame for life—a great deal better, even if it is my only beauty. And you hate me and think me a fright!"

"Hate you!" He caught her closer to him. "Did I look as though I hated you? I fell in love with your hair; but it is you I love. Forgive my rude words, darling, and tell me I may love you always and have you for my very own some day—my own dear little wife!"

He Was Homesick.

Stranger (to Philadelphia policeman)—"Where's the nearest riot?"

P. P.—"Riot? There's isn't any riot."

"No riot! That's funny. Well, direct me to some of the squares where they're a throwing bombs about."

"Nobody's throwing any bombs about here. What's the matter with you? Been drinking?"

"No strike going on, with trouble ahead?"

"No."

"Not even a dog fight, or a scrap between a couple of kids?"

"No. See here—"

"Say, Mister, tell me the nearest way to the railroad station. You see I'm from Chicago and I want to get back. There are no home comforts here for me."—*Philadelphia Call.*

BRIEF AND WITTY.

Isn't it a singular thing that when a man is taken in he is put out.—*Boston Courier.*

The average society belle is much less beautiful than she is painted.—*Somerville Journal.*

Principal—What part of speech is "kiss?" Chorus of Normal School Girls—A conjunction.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"I say, barber, you ought to shave me at cut rates." "Why so, sir?" "Because you back my face so unmercifully."—*Boston Gazette.*

Al—Is Ed. full of fun?

Bill—Yes; why so fond of it that he won't eat turtle soup; always wants mock turtle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Magistrate—What is your full name?

Prisoner—Well, sir, when I'm full the boys call me snoozer, but my real name is Jack Sharp.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"I think this is going to be a good year for our business," said the coalman.

"What makes you think so?" asked the ceman.

"Well, I think there will be a good many politicians left out in the cold."—*Boston Courier.*

"You may bring me some satanized crustaceans," said Miss Boston to the waiter.

"Mam?" gasped the astonished menial.

"Don't you understand me? I want devilled crabs."

"Oh, yes'm! Bring 'em right away."—*The Lion.*

"Do people do any courting after marriage?"

"Certainly not, my son."

"Well, that seems singular, for I see a great deal in the newspapers about the court of divorce, in which husband and wife seem to take prominent parts."—*Boston Gazette.*

EPITAPH ON A TRAMP.

He died at ninety-three;
His life was long, but he,
Poor man, was always short!

The Bootblack on the Ballot.

First Bootblack—Did you hear de latest Billie,?

Second Bootblack—What's dat?

P. B.—Sackville West, de British preacher at Washington's wrote a letter to Quay, telling him to go ahead and purify de ballet in New York, an' if he does it he kin have Canada."

S. B.—Naw; has he though?

P. B.—Sure thing! An' Quay says the ballet has got to wear dresses er quit dancin'. Quay's a great reformer, Billie.—*Pittsburg Press.*

A Literary Awakening.

"As an ardent admirer of the works of this great writer," said the president of a St. Louis literary society in introducing a debate on George Eliot's novels, "as well as a warm personal friend of Mr. Eliot's, I feel more than a passing interest in this discussion."

Then some one interrupted him, and for two hours they tried to decide whether George Eliot was a "gent" or a lady, and at last ended in a free fight.—*Providence Telegram.*

Looked for Milton in Vain.

Mr. Larder—Lucy, who is this man Milton that I hear you and your ma speak of?

Miss L.—Why, father, don't you know who Milton was?

Mr. L.—I haven't been able to learn anything about him.

Miss L.—Where did you look?

Mr. L.—In Bradstreet's.—*American.*

She was in Doubt.

Maud—And you are really engaged to Mr. Hawkins, Ethel?

Ethel—Yes. I hardly know whether I love him or not, but he was so earnest that somehow I could not refuse him.

Maud—Yes, I know. When I refused him last summer he told me he was going to marry somebody or bust before Christmas.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Needed a Little Coloring.

Angel Child (to distant relative, who is dining with the family)—Say, I got something for you, Uncle Josiah. Here it is.

Distant Relative—My good little man, why do you suppose I want that box of blacking?

Angel Child—Ma koows.

Mother—No, I don't, my dear.

Angel Child—Well, didn't you say, Uncle Josiah hadn't any polish.—*American.*

Learned His Lesson.

Father—Hello! Where did you get all those toys!

Son—I bought 'em with the money you gave me.

"But I gave you that money to learn how to save."

"Yes, pa, I kept it for three weeks until I learned all about saving, and now I'm learning how to shop."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Just a Little Resemblance.

"Do you know Scribuler, said Candidus to his friend the playwrit, "there is something about you that reminds me of Shakespeare!"

"Indeed, replied Scribuler, with a gratified smirk, "I'm glad to hear that. What is it?"

"That's what I can't say exactly? I don't know whether it is your capicity for strong drink or your goatee."

Neither One Thing Nor the Other.

Young wife (with money in her own right and a disposition to take care of it): "What do you think, my dear, of the question being discussed, 'is marriage a failure?'"

Young husband: "Well, I wouldn't care to say that marriage is exactly a failure, but I'd consider, so far as my own experience goes, it hasn't been a howling success."—*The Epoch.*

The Games They Play Now.

Mrs. De Forque was out with her daughter making some calls.

"Did you bring cards with you, mamma?" asked the daughter.

"No, I forgot all about them. You had better run back and get them. I understand that poker is very fashionable, and some of the folks might want to play."—*Merchant Traveller.*

Disposing of Dead Matter.

Country Editor—What have you done with those two columns of type on that galley?

New Devil—You said it was dead.

Country Editor—Well, what had that to do with it?

New Devil—Well, I didn't suppose you wanted anything dead around this office, and so I threw it out the back window.—*Jewish Tidings.*

A Mean Trick.

A Parisian glove-seller was arrested recently for being too enterprising. He had his name and address stamped in bold characters on the inside of each glove, so that when worn for any period over half an hour the legend was transferred to the hand of the wearer. For some time many of his lady customers were thus converted into advertising mediums, as the ink only wore off at the expiration of a number of weeks.

A Declination in Value.

A countryman in a picture gallery had become enthusiastic over a beautiful nymph in marble.

"How much might the young woman cost?" he asked a gentleman who happened to be standing near.

"From $250 to $300."

"Jehosaphat! They don't bring anything like that when they're alive."—*Judge.*

Hard Lines.

His Sunday School Teacher—I'm very sorry to see that you've hurt yourself. How did you do it?

Her Sobbing Pupil—Busted my fingers playing hockey. But dat ain't d' worst of it. My mam she went an' done m'up in a bandanny, an' me der head drummer of der Harrison Drum Corpse.—*Time.*

Just the Same.

Old Jenkins happened to meet his three young nieces, and asked them to have a little refreshment.

"Girls are just the same," said the old man, as he stood at the cashier's desk and picked up $2 85 out of a twenty-dollar bill, "very little change."

A Vain Prize.

What so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men, who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?
—*Young.*

Our Serial Story.

THE TALISMAN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED.

Of all the English nobles who had followed their King to Palestine, DeVaux was most prejudiced against the Scotch; they were his near neighbors, with whom he had been engaged during his whole life in private or public warfare, and on whom he had inflicted many calamities, while he had sustained at their hands not a few.

His love and devotion to the King was like the vivid affection of the old English mastiff to his master, leaving him churlish and inaccessible to all others, even toward those to whom he was indifferent, and rough and dangerous to any against whom he entertained a prejudice. DeVaux had never observed, without jealousy and displeasure, his King exhibit any mark of courtesy or favor to the wicked, deceitful, and ferocious race, born on the other side of a river, or an imaginary line drawn through waste and wilderness, and he even doubted the success of a Crusade in which they were suffered to bear arms, holding them in his secret soul little better than the Saracens whom he came to combat.

It may be added, that, being himself a blunt and downwright Englishman, unaccustomed to conceal the slightest movement either of love or of dislike, he accounted the fair-spoken courtesy, which the Scots had learned, either from imitation of their frequent allies, the French, or which might have risen from their own proud and reserved character, as a false and astucious mark of the most dangerous designs against their neighbors, over whom he believed, with genuine English confidence, they could, by fair manhood, never obtain any advantage.

Yet, though DeVaux entertained these sentiments concerning his northern neighbors, and extended them, with little mitigation, even to such as had assumed the Cross, his respect for the King, and a sense of the duty imposed by his vow as a Crusader, prevented him from displaying them otherwise than by regularly shunning all intercourse with his Scottish brethren-at-arms, as far as possible,—by observing a sullen taciturnity, when compelled to meet them occasionally,—and by looking scornfully upon them when they encountered on the march and in camp. The Scottish barons and knights were not men to bear his scorn unobserved or unreplied to; and it came to that pass that he was regarded as the determined and active enemy of a nation, whom, after all, he only disliked, and in some sort despised. Nay, it was remarked by close observers, that, if he had not the charity of Scripture, which suffereth long, and judges kindly, he was by no means deficient in the subordinate and limited virtue, which alleviates and relieves the wants of others. The wealth of Thomas of Gilsland procured supplies of provisions and medicines, and some of these usually flowed by secret channels into the quarters of the Scottish; his surly benevolence proceeding on the principle, that, next to a man's friend, his foe was of most importance to him, passing over all the intermediate relations, as too indifferent to merit even a thought. This explanation he never gave, in order that the reader may fully understand what we are now to detail.

Thomas De Vaux had not made many steps beyond the entrance of the royal pavilion, when he was aware of what the far more acute ear of the English monarch, no mean proficient in the art of minstrelsy, had instantly discovered, that the musical strains, namely, which had reached their ears, were produced by the pipes, shalms, and kettle-drums of the Saracens; and, at the bottom of an avenue of tents, which formed a broad access to the pavilion of Richard, he could see a crowd of fair soldiers assembled around the spot from which they heard, almost in the center of the camp; and he saw, with great surprise, mingled amid the helmets of various forms worn by the Crusaders of different nations, white turbans and long pikes, announcing the presence of armed Saracens, and the huge deformed heads of several camels or dromedaries overlooking the multitude by aid of their long disproportioned necks.

Wondering and displeased at a sight so unexpected and singular,—for it was customary to leave all flags of truce and other communications from the enemy at an appointed place without the barriers,—the baron looked hastily around for some one of whom he might inquire the cause of this alarming novelty.

The first person whom he met advancing to him, he set down at once, by his grave and haughty step, as a Spaniard or a Scot; and presently after muttered to himself—"And a Scot it is—he of the Leopard—I have seen him fight indifferently well for one of his country.

Loath to ask even a passing question, he was about to pass Sir Kenneth, with that sullen and lowering port which seems to say, "I know thee, but I will hold no communication with thee;" but his purpose was defeated by the Northern Knight, who moved forward directly to him, and accosting him with formal courtesy, said, "My Lord de Vaux of Gilsland, I have in charge to speak with you."

"Ha!" returned the English baron, "with me? But, say your pleasure, so it be shortly spoken—I am on the King's errand."

"My tale touches the King Richard yet more nearly," answered Sir Kenneth; "I bring him, I trust, health."

The Lord of Gilsland measured the Scot with incredulous eyes, and replied, "Thou art no leech, I think, Sir Scot—I had as soon thought of your bringing the King of England wealth."

Sir Kenneth, though displeased with the manner of the baron's reply, answered calmly, "Health to Richard is glory and wealth to Christendom—But my time presses; I pray you, may I see the King?"

"Surely not, fair sir," said the baron, "until your errand be told more distinctly The sick chambers of princes open not to all who inquire like northern hostelry."

"My lord," said Kenneth, "the cross which I wear in common with yourself, and the importance of what I have to tell, must, for the present, cause me to pass over a bearing, which else I were unapt to endure. In plain language, then, I bring with me a Moorish physician, who undertakes to work a cure on King Richard."

"A Moorish physician," said DeVaux; "and who will warrant that he brings not poisons instead of remedies?"

"His own life, my lord—his head, which he offers as a guarantee."

"I have known many a resolute ruffian," said De Vaux, "who valued his own life as little as it deserved, and would stoop to the gallows as merrily as if the hangman were his partner in a dance."

"But thus it is, my lord," replied the Scot; "Saladin, to whom none will deny the credit of a generous and valiant enemy, hath sent this leech hither with an honorable retinue and guard, befiting the high estimation in which El Hakim is held by the Soldan, and with fruits and refreshments for the King's private chamber, and such message as may pass betwixt honorable enemies, praying him to be recovered of his fever, that he may be the fitter to receive a visit from the Soldan, with his naked scimitar in his hand, and an hundred thousand cavaliers at his back. Will it please you, who are of the King's secret council, to cause these camels to be discharged of their burdens, and some order taken as to the reception of the learned physician?"

"Wonderful!" said De Vaux, as speaking to himself,—"And who will vouch for the honor of Saladin, in a case when bad faith would rid him of his most powerful adversary?"

"I myself," replied Sir Kenneth, "will be his guarantee, with honor, life, and fortune."

"Strange!" again ejaculated De Vaux; "the North vouches for the South—the Scot for the Turk—May I crave of you, Sir Knight, how you became concerned in this affair?"

"I have been absent on a pilgrimage, in the course of which," replied Sir Kenneth, "I had a message to discharge toward the holy hermit of Engaddi."

"May I not be entrusted with it, Sir Kenneth, and with the answer of the holy man?"

"It may not be, my lord," answered the Scot.

"I am of the secret council of England," said the Englishman, haughtily.

"To which land I owe no allegiance," said Kenneth, "Though I have voluntarily followed in this war the personal fortunes of England's sovereign, I was despatched by the General Council of the kings, princes, and supreme leaders of the army of the Blessed Cross, and to them only I render my erraud."

"Ha! say'st thou?" said the proud Baron De Vaux. "But know, messenger of the kings and princes as thou may'st be, no leech shall approach the sick bed of Richard of England, without the consent of him of Gilsland; and they will come on evil errand who dare to intrude themselves against it."

He was turning loftily away when

Recent Literature.

BOOKS FOR LONG EVENINGS.

A Gallant Fight Editha's Burglar—In Far Lochabar—The World Went Very Well Then—Aunt Diana—Otto of the Silver Hand—Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases of All Ages—Three Vassar Girls in France—Pamphlet Novels, Ect.

"A Gallant Fight" is a story by Marion Harland, published by Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. It is needless to say that it will interest its readers from the beginning to the end. The object of the author, to teach a lesson without making it prominent through the pages of the book, is well carried out. There is considerable incident, some lively passages, and a mixture of pathos and tragedy. The way in which deception finally brings its practiser to grief is well shown.

"Editha's Burglar" is a pretty story for children by Frances Hodgson Burnett, now published by Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston, which has made its appearance before the public in other forms. The present form is for the holiday trade and is a fine addition to the store already given. The illustrations by Henry Sandham are excellent.

"In Far Lochabar" is a novel by William Black which has been running as a serial in *Harpers' Magazine*, is now brought on in book form by the Harpers. As the title indicates, the scene is mainly laid in those Highlands which Mr. Black loves so well and pictures with so much sympathy and poetic truth. His unbounded enthusiasm for land and people makes the theme fresh in spite of its having been handled so frequently by him. The character of the Highland youth, dohnny, with his love for catastrophes and his ingenious methods of bringing them about, is a distinct and happy addition to the author's series of national portraits. The other characters are more conventional, but always well defined, and his graceful touch makes their sayings and doings seem very attractive. That the ways and morals of natures in the Highlands form a considerable element in the composition of the story is a fact that hardly needs to be mentioned.

"The World Went Very Well Then" is a novel by Walter Besant, the well known author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men;" "All in a Garden Fair," etc. The scene is laid in the English town of Dephford, and the first chapter introduces some of the principal characters in the story, two boys and a girl. One of the boys named Jack Esterbrook is the one whose history is related in the chapters that follow. The character of the apothecary is well drawn, many quaint saying put into his mouth showing much worldly wisdom. The story is well written and entertaining. Published by the Harper's.

Another book from the Harper's is a new edition of "Virginia of Virginia" by Amelie Rives, a story which has already won the favor of the public before that one which has made the author a very much talked of woman. The book is well bound and with a good clear print that makes it attractive.

"Romulus and Remus" by Charles Remington Talbot, is published by D. Lothrop & company, Boston. It is a thoroughly enjoyable book from beginning to end. The plot is the mixing up of two black-and-tan dogs with the above names, and so thoroughly that their own owners are not sure of their identity. These two canine Dromios change owners back and forth in most comical way, and give rise to some dramatic scenes.

"Aunt Diana," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, author of "Nellie's Memories;" "Not Like Other Girls," etc., is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The story opens with the heroine Alison Merle fighting a battle with herself, in order to be reconciled to a change in her life which was not agreeable to her. She goes from her own to an home with Aunt Diana, whose strong good sense makes a great change for the better in the character of the beautiful girl who is the heroine of the story. it is a very interesting book.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, comes another holiday book for the youngsters, entitled, "Otto of the Silver Hand," by Howard Pyle, whose stories have attained such popularity. The scene of the tale is Mediæval Germany in the days of the robber barons, when family feuds and the general lawlessness of the time gave scope to numberless deeds of bravery and cruelty. A deep interest of a romantic and touching sort attaches to the fortunes of Otto, who is a lad of loving and tender nature, and whose adventures, among the rough chieftains with whom he is thrown, are told with a delicacy and uncommon spirit. Particularly interesting is the episode describing how the brave little fellow was kidnapped and how his rescue was effected by the loyalty and daring of One-eyed Hans. The picture of this chivalric and romantic period also has its distinct value, for its truthfulness to the spirit of the age is beyond question. The book, in fine, is an addition of the highest character to juvenile literature.

In the series of "The Story of the Nations," issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes "The Story of Mediæval France," by Gustave Masson. It covers the period from the reign of Hugues Capet to the beginning of the 18th century. A marked feature of the volume is the prominence given to the formation and progress of the national literature, of which a very clear picture is given. The historical part, with regard to its political annals and the records of war, have been carefully written after a study of the best authorities. The volume is a very fine one.

From the Putnams also comes "Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Ages," by Robert Christie, in two handsome volumes of over 600 pages each. The whole field of literature of all ages and lands has been made to contribute to the useful and instructive pages of these volumes. The author has studiously avoided maxims that were gross or coarse, or those containing an uncleanly word. Some of the maxims, however, will be classed as severe, and many unjust. Take, for instance, proverbs regarding women are collected and there are 378, perhaps more than are arranged under any other word. Some of them are severely unjust. Among the professions, lawyers and doctors come in for some savage hits. Ministers are let off easy, and even the much abused mother-in-law escapes with only a dozen thrusts. The volumes are admirable in their arrangement for easy reference—a large excellence in books of such character. For the reference library their value could hardly be overestimated.

"Pen" is a wonderfully pretty and interesting little story by the author of "Miss Torsey's Mission" and "Laddie" and others, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. Beginning with that sad time in a girl's life when she is left motherless, it follows Penelope Brand, or "Pen" with her sister, it follows them through the trials which came to them, until happiness dawned through the clouds. The character of Sandy is extremely well drawn.

"Three Vassar Girls in France," by Elizabeth Champney, is published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston. It is a story of the siege of Paris fully and handsomely illustrated, containing more information than many a long story and the story commands unflagging interest and attention. So exciting and ever changing were the events of that eventful period that there is small need of romance. Real facts every hour were more exciting than any fiction. It is a most enjoyable book.

"The Fate of a Fool," by Emma Ghent Curtis, is published by John A. Berry, New York. The novel is written for a purpose which is to make the "social evil" so revolting as to stimulate a crusade for its remedy. That it is not pleasant reading to those who desire entertainment need not be said. The author is evidently deeply in earnest in what she is saying, but it is questionable whether this kind of a book is really helpful to humanity or nurtful.

"A Sea Island Romance," by William Perry Brown, is published by John B. Alden, New York. It is a fresh, bright interesting story of the lives and trials of two young people whose parents opposed the match, but who finally triumph over all obstacles and become one in name as they had been in heart. The way it was done the reader must find out for himself.

"Bob Burton, or the Young Ranchman of the Missouri" by Horatio Alger, jr., is a story for youth, telling how "Bob" made a man of himself after his father's death, comforting his mother and carrying forward the business in a most successful way. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

In the "Globe Library" published by Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, is Danira" from the German of E. Werner, translated by M. J. Safford. It is a wild story of mountain life, full of fascination that holds the reader to the end.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, have put in pamphlet form in one corner two of the novels published in the magazine namely, "Sinfire" by Julian Hawthorne and "Douglas Duane," by Edgar Fawcett.

Literary Notes.

William Winter's new volume of poems, "Wanderers," is issued by Ticknor & Co. this week.

The publishers of the *Youth's Companion* offer nine prizes for stories, amounting to $5,000.

William S. Walsh's "Paradoxes of a Philistine" will be brought out by J. B. Lippincott company early in November.

The *Paris Illustre* is published by the International News company, New York, simultaneously with the Paris edition. Its colored illustrations are excellent.

The Queen of Roumania has written a novel a translation of which is published by Cupples & Hurd under the title of "A Heart Regained."

Elihu Vedder has illustrated for the Christmas *Scribner's* an anonymous poem which will, it is believed, excite considerable curiosity as to its authorship.

The *Open Court*, of November 15, contains a discussion of "The Marriage Problem," by Professor E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia.

Literature gives a portrait of Dr. J. M. Crawford, translator of "The Kalevala," with selections from the work and essays on Finnic verse by Max Muller and Charles De Kay.

The December *Century* is to contain Henry Ward Beecher's last manuscript—an uncompleted paper on his trip to England in 1863, which he was writing for the *Century* War Book the last week of his life.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell, wife of Joseph Pennell, of Philadelphia, and his companion through Europe on a tricycle, will have a paper on "Wells and its Cathedrals" in the December number of the *Magazine of Art*.

"The Quick or the Dead?" is issued this week in book form by J. B. Lippincott company. Miss Rives has written a preface, in which she explains her purpose in writing the book and answers her critics.

The enterprise of the International News company in issuing an American version of Paris *Illustre* deserves success. The current number contains reproductions in colors of Melida's "After the Bolero," and Gelibert's "The Story of a Rabbit."

Robert Bonner's Sons start the "Ledger Library" with Mrs. Lewis's "Her Double Life." The first chapter shows us a lady who floats, a pair of midnight eyes, an icy smile, and a head of hair as "gloomy as a starless night." It is not strange that the author's writings have "met with universal favor."

Mr. John Bruce Ford has retired from active connection with the publishing house which, first as J. B. Ford & Co., and for ten years past as Fords, Howard & Hulbert, has been associated with his name. Mr. Ford is now 72 years of age, and retires to enjoy a well-earned rest.

From a sketch of Margaret Deland, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," which the *Literary World* prints, one learns that she was born in Pittsburg in 1857, that she was married to Louis F. Deland, of Boston, in 1880, that she began to write verse in 1884, that "John Ward, Preacher," was rewritten six times, that the *Atlantic* will soon publish two short stories by her, and that she is now at work on a second novel.

The Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine*, which completes its second year, will contain a rich variety of articles in prose and verse, especially suited in sentiment and illustration for the holiday season. There will be twenty full-page pictures, and many others from drawings by such artists as Elihu Vedder, J. Alden Weir, W. Hamilton Gibson, Bruce Crane and Robert Blum.

Expiatory.

Waiter—What would you like for your breakfast this morning?

Young Noodle (who was out late the night before)—I guess you can bring me a cup of coffee and, er-er, some chopped ice and a bucket of water.—*Siftings.*

REPROVED BY A CHILD.

A Little Incident That Many a Shopper May Take to Heart.

A lady and her little daughter were shopping. The child sat on a counter-stool and watched the people coming and going. Presently she saw a lady elegantly dressed, who stopped at their counter and handed a waterproof and umbrella to the young girl in charge.

"Take care of these things until I call for them," she said in an autocratic tone. Then she sailed away.

The bright eyes of the little child followed her. The little face wore a look of distress.

"Why, mamma," she whispered, "she didn't even say please."

Sooner than she expected the lady returned.

"I will take my things," she said.

There was some little delay in finding them.

"I hope you haven't lost or misplaced them," she said in a severe tone to the young girl.

No; here they are. Madame took them coolly and without a word walked off.

This was more than the child could stand. Leaning over so that her sweet young face came close to that of the girl clerk she said, sweetly, "Thank you!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN ESSAY ON KISSING.

Which Reads as Though It Were Written by a Woman.

In the old days, when powder and rouge were indispensable, a gallant gentleman kissed the hand of his fair lady. And her hand was kept immaculate, that his kiss might mean much to him. Nowadays men don't stoop to kiss your hand; it would get their whiskers out of shape. So a clean face becomes a necessity to a woman who has any liking for that expression of affection which is generally approved of and seldom well done. The only kiss worth having, says a writer on the subject, is that of a nice baby, and yet the baby doesn't give it; it only submits to it, and keeps its sweet, dainty, perfumy little mouth shapped like an O, and it waits for you to discover just how delightful it is. Men's kisses are like Scotch whisky—they are apt to be smoky. Children's kisses are inclined to cover one's entire face; but a baby simply exises and lets you take a mouthful of the breath of Araby. Men have an idea that their kisses are appreciated. They are most immensely mistaken. The average man gives a kiss just as he throws a base ball—with too much force. it ought to be as delicate as a rose leaf. Almost a memory in a second. It need not suggest a postage stamp or a porous plaster. One lady says: "I could write a book on kissing, but mankind is so determined that I don't think he'd take any advice on the subject, and yet, as it is the women who receive the kisses, they certainly ought to know more about them than the great big stupid creatures who give them."—*Troy Times.*

An Expensive Gift.

Blooms—"That is a beautiful new dressing gown you've got on. What did it cost you, Crumbley?"

Crumbley—"I didn't pay anything for it, but it'll cost me a sight before I get through with it."

Bloom—"How so, old boy?"

Crumbley—"It was given to me by a lady friend."—*Chicago Globe.*

His Girl Lives in Maine.

"Caress" is the name of a new postoffice in West Virginia. If it were in Maine now what a picturesque address it would be for a young lady—Caress, Me.—*Springfield Union.*

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

In watching the last election, a very quiet one by the way, a funny part of it was particularly noticeable, and that was the air of importance upon the faces and in the bearing of the sons of Freedom who were sent for and brought in carriages to vote, the majority of whom were probably as well able to walk there as to make their usual visits to the saloon. This matter of carriage hire must make a large hole in the finances of the party managers, and carried on as it is all over the country, it is no wonder that the call for funds is so loud and imperative. However, the Salad-Server was not going to talk about that, only as an introduction to a possible discovery, which is that perhaps some of the opposition to woman's voting arises from the fear that they will all want to ride to the polls, and with the increased expenditure what chance will there be for any division of surplus party boodle? It is a serious matter, this, of "boodle," and a little wonder that anything which promises to interfere with that should meet with opposition. It is one of the best reasons for it in this case which have been advanced.

"They say" that kissing has gone entirely out of fashion. It has been a gradual change, but nobody does it now in public except, perhaps, young children. Socially kissing is ostracised, and the repugnance to it has come largely from training in the higher institutions of learning. An exchange says: "In nearly all the famous colleges for women there is a special teacher, or doctress, in physiology, and in the so-called oral recitations the pernicious effects of osculation are considered at great length. By way of tolerating what seems to be a necessary evil, various theories are advanced and various provisions advocated. The girl who comes from Smith college, North Hampton, kisses on the oblique line that falls from the left corner of your mouth, but when kissed is so adroit in the way she jerks her head that the point of salutation may be found on a ridgius from the right of her demure little mouth. The Vassar graduate kisses more than her Smith college friend, but the chin is her choice, as you will observe in an attempt to salute her. The seniors from Wellesley press their kisses high up on the face, almost under the sweep of the eyelash, and the Lake Forest and Harvard annex maidens kiss at a point equally distant from the nose and ear.

It seems that in the ultra fashionable world styles in pet dogs are as varying as in wearing apparel. A certain breed will be all the rage for a year or two only to be supplanted by another. Two years ago the pug was the the most popular pet in the canine family, but now his star is on the wane and he has had to take a back seat and degenerate into a "plain dog." The pug is a stylish looking dog and aristocratic in his tendencies, but since he has begun to run counter to fashion's decree he has lost his popularity and consequently his value. Five or ten dollars will now buy a fine pug pup; two years ago the same dog could not be bought for less than fifty dollars. Fashion is a fickle goddess and to be dependent upon the fair dame insures one but a precarious existence. At one time large dogs were quite the rage and the city belles were fond of appearing upon the promenade with a fine setter or Newfoundland close at their heels. But whatever the breed may be a dog of some kind is a fashionable fad which is closely followed. Occasional articles appear in which it is said that these pampered dogs of wealthy owners are provided with expensive medicines, smelling bottles, bon-bons, and like trifles, but it speaks well for the balance wheel of common sense that such things are only read of and seldom seen.

If there are natives of this country who have not heard of Mary and her "little lamb" who "went to school with her one day" it would be interesting to know where they are. Certain it is, that they never received their education or the beginning of it in any of the red frame or brick school houses dotted all over the land. Mary is yet living, so says *American Notes and Queries*, residing near Somerville, Mass. She is now 82 years old, and still tells the story about her lamb with keen enjoyment. It really did follow her to school, and she stowed it away wrapped in a blanket under her seat, and it lay down as gently as could be By and by she had to go and recite, leaving the lamb as she thought, all right, when clatter, clatter came the hoofs of the little animal behind her to her intense dismay. However, the teacher laughed and the children giggled, but Mary was overwhelmed with embarassment. A young man visiting the school was so amused that he wrote the lines which have obtained such a place in the hearts of the children of this country.

It is said that the tree from which the shittim wood of Noah's ark-fame was obtained has been found within a radius of sixty miles of Nashville, Tenn. Celebrated botanists from all parts of the world have examined the trees and agreed that they grow in no other places on the face of the globe. The tree is of medium size, with very dark, smooth bark and the wood is of a bright gold color. In early spring the trees are laden with long white blossoms closely resembling large ostrich plumes. There seems to be little doubt as to the identity of the trees and it has been decided that it is the shittim wood of which the ark was constructed, and of which mention is made several times in the Bible. The most remarkable feature is that they are found only in a small area and very few of them at that.

It is said that a substitute has been found for the lightning rod, which is nothing more nor less than the Lombardy poplar. The method in this new madness is the fact that green herbage and green, sappy wood are excellent conductors of electricity. A tree is shattered by lightning only when the naked wood or branches are reached as they are poorer conductors. An old-fashioned Lombardy poplar by reason of its height, its sappy wood and almost complete leafy covering makes an excellent lightning rod, which recommends itself by its cheapness as well. To make it more sure the tree should stand in moist ground or near water, as wet ground is a far better conductor than dry soil. Its greatest recommendation will doubtless lie in the fact that it will be to farmers a means of delivery from too persistent lightning rod agents, as it can not be patented nor carried around in wagons.

When the last total eclipse of the moon occurred, four thousand blanketed Indians were at the Anahoe agency to get their rations. The savages were greatly excited over the unusual appearance of the moon, and when an order came from the principal chief to fire at the "Evil thing," the force of Indians opened fire in the air, keeping up the shooting for an hour or more until their supply of ammunition was exhausted. When the moon appeared in view after the eclipse, there was great rejoicing and wild whoops went up for what they believed to be their great victory over the evil one.

General Armstrong on Indians.

The advance of the Indians in prosperity is something extraordinary and it is thought they are by no means anxious for the government to know how well off they are. The Indian Office has just had a report from the Inlalip agency, Washington Territory, saying: "The 250 Indians upon the D'Warnush reservation near Puget Sound, have made, according to actual measurement, 20,004 bushels of grain. Here is the grain crop of one reservation that will amount to nearly as much as the whole D'Wasti and allied tribes. They have purchased five new twine binders, for which the government contributes nothing. How is this for Indian farming?"

General Armstrong, who is the head of the Indian school at Hampton, has lately been in the Indian Territory, where he has seen the operation of the government schools. He writes to the Indian Bureau: "From what I have seen of the Tonkawa and other government boarding schools in the past few weeks, I am inclined to have greater respect and appreciation of them. I have seen no poor work and much that was very good where they had the chance.

ONE RAY.

When Autumn leaves are falling fast,
When chilly grows the northern blast
And fields have lost their bloom.
But while we grieve that beauty fades,
That dreary are the groves and glades,
One ray still lights the gloom;
The festive fly has run his race,
No more with towel or pillow-case,
We need to rise at night to chase
Mosquitoes from the room.
—*Boston Courier.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A JAUNT SOUTHWARD.

SOME SIGHTS OF A QUEER CITY

The French Market and Its Visitors—The Fruit Trade—Scenes on the Levee—Two Old Rivermen in Sympathy.

EVERY visitor to New Orleans, after the first sally into Canal street and thence into Royal and the French quarter, "does" the cathedral, and adjacent queer old buildings, only as a step to the mecca of his fancy—the French market. Other things are curious, other objects about the city are rich in stirring history and romance, but to the average tourist the market, that strange conglomeration of what not and label of tongues, is the chief point of interest. So prevalent is this idea that, to hear the narrative of some transient guests, one is almost led to believe that New Orleans is in the French market, while as a matter of fact, the reverse is the case.

I believe I first heard of the French market from soldiers who had been uninvited guests of the Crescent City during the late unpleasantness. Then I saw it with my own eyes, in my callow youth, when the magnifying power of my unexperienced optics were greater than now, and its wonders made an impression which has only been diminished by a subsequent visit after having seen other and even more remarkable establishments of similar character. Yet, with the addition of several boxes of monkies, a few hundred vestelles of caged birds and more neglige in the attire of the market women, the French market in New Orleans might resemble the market of Rio de Janeiro.

A CORNER IN THE MARKET.

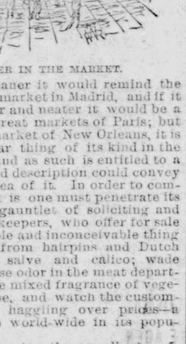
If it were cleaner it would remind the traveler of the market in Madrid, and if it were both larger and neater it would be a little like the great markets of Paris; but as the French market of New Orleans, it is the most peculiar thing of its kind in the United States, and as such is entitled to a visit. No printed description could convey any adequate idea of it. In order to comprehend what it is one must penetrate its mazes, run the gauntlet of soliciting and persistent stall-keepers, who offer for sale every conceivable and inconceivable thing under the sun, from hairpins and Dutch ovens to corn salve and calico; wade through the dense odor in the meat department; inhale the mixed fragrance of vegetables and cheese, and watch the customers and dealers haggling over prices—a practice that is world-wide in its popularity.

As everybody praises the excellent coffee to be had at the market, so must everybody else try it to prove the correctness of the taste of previous visitors, and to discover, if possible, one place in New Orleans where a really good cup of this beverage can be found. It is good, compared with the stuff the restaurants serve under an alias, but it is not any too good, the contrary opinion of some other people notwithstanding. In fact I think that New Orleans should be famous for the good coffee that cannot be found there. I strongly suspect, judging solely by my sight and taste, that the habit, formed during the war, of using a great deal of that abomination known as "coffee essence," still clings to the people who run the eating houses.

It is but a step from the market to the levee, or, more properly, only a few steps. The river side at New Orleans has a strange fascination for any land lubber, whether he comes from the interior or some other seaport town. The levees of the Crescent City are unique, and they and their stirring scenes have been pictured so much that they have become familiar everywhere. Hence the surprise and impression of locality from the wood-cuts in geographies, and then personally goes to view the scene of bustling activity, will feel sorely disappointed in the suspicion that he has arrived on some quiet sort of a holiday.

Very near the wharves, where load the great ocean steamers with cargoes of cotton for England and cotton seed oil for Spain, to be shipped to other ports, is the primitive, ramshackly sort of a landing, around which are dozens of craft of modest dimensions and unwieldy lines. These are the luggers of the Italian fruit dealers, who collect their cargoes of oranges and other things down the river, or on the shores of the bayous, sail with them to this little wharf and there unload them to be distributed in the markets. This branch of the trade of New Orleans is seldom heard of in the North, but it is of considerable importance, and many boxes of Louisiana fruit are sold as Florida oranges.

In the gathering dusk I sat upon a cotton bale and watched the black roustabouts loading a miscellaneous cargo into the steamer Oliver Beirne, bound for Bayou Sara. Beside me stood a benevolent looking old man who was similarly engaged, though his was a more pensive mood, and I fancied that his interest in the scene was of deeper import. Along all this expanse of levee, Oliver Beirne was the only steamboat that was being put in readiness for a trip, where ten years ago I should have seen a dozen, and had I been on the scene a score of years before, the number would have been twice as great. When last I saw this river wharf, the great steamboats were ranged side by side, crowding each other as if the competition for freight was felt even by the boat from hull to texas; and when the cargo was aboard there was a lively getting ready of half a dozen boats for the upward trip, while the roustabouts on the boats chanted their farewell to their thousands of colored brethren on the shore. Now I watched a solitary boat and a score of roustabouts.



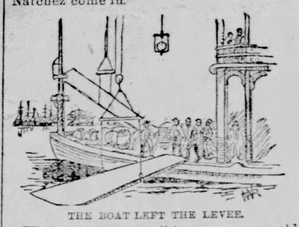
Feeling perturbed in spirit, and thirsting for information, I roused my neighbor from his reverie, making some brilliant and original remark about steamboating having greatly declined in the past few years. I almost regretted my words when I saw they seemed to give him pain, but he looked at me with that benevolent smile I shall never forget, and remarked that steamboating had gone to—a locality where one would naturally suspect that all kinds of navigation on water would be extremely difficult if not impossible.

As I was recognized in him one of the ante bellum steamboat men, I avoided giving him more pain by my apparent flippancy.

"Why, sah," said he, "this river once was alive with boats, and this levee was always crowded—but the railroads came, boats were jammed up and it didn't pay to build new ones and now you see what it has come to. Nothing, sah, nothing. One boat loading for the upper coast—but she's a beauty the Beirne is, and I only wish there were more like her."

I remarked that I was anxious to learn the fate of the few river boats I remembered—especially the Will Kyle, on which I was once a passenger from New Orleans to Cincinnati. The Will Kyle sunk while going up the river. What had become of the Belle of Shreveport? Sunk below Memphis, coming down. Then there was the Robert E. Lee on which I once had an adventure. The Lee was burned.

"That was a fine boat, sah, a fine boat, the Lee was. It was the second Lee you saw, for the first one was destroyed before your time, sah. It was the Lee that made the run from New Orleans to St. Louis in three days, 21 hours and 58 minutes, 1,278 miles. That was in 1870 when she raced with the Natchez. You come down here in the morning and you'll see the Natchez come in."



THE BOAT LEFT THE LEVEE.

While we were talking—we two old steamboatmen—the solitary boat began to move, the stage was hauled up, the wheels revolved, the boat slowly and majestically backed into midstream and appearing to deliberately get ready, started under full headway toward its destination. Though I cannot help regretting the decay of steamboating, I am inclined to think that one handsome, great boat in the middle of a mighty stream, is vested with more grandeur when it is so nearly alone.

REAM.

NAPOLEON AND BISMARCK.

The Chancellor's Meeting with the Emperor at Sedan.

Near the gate of Sedan we came on the German picket line, and one of the officers recognizing our uniforms—he having served in the war of the rebellion—stepped forward and addressed me in good English. We naturally fell into conversation, and in the midst of it there came out through the gate an open carriage or landau, containing two men, one of whom, in the uniform of a general and smoking a cigarette, we recognized, when the conveyance drew near, as the Emperor Louis Napoleon. The landau went on toward Donchery at a leisurely pace, and we, inferring that there was something more important at hand just then than the recovery of our trap, followed at a respectful distance. Not quite a mile from Donchery is a cluster of three or four cottages and at the first of these the landau stopped to await, as we afterwards ascertained, Count Bismarck, with whom the diplomatic negotiations were to be settled. Some time elapsed before he came, Napoleon remaining seated in his carriage meantime, still smoking and accepting with nonchalance the stuffing of a group of German soldiers near by, who were gazing on their fallen foe with curious and eager interest.

Presently a clattering of hoofs was heard, and looking toward the sound I perceived the chancellor cantering down the road. When abreast of the carriage he dismounted and, walking up to it, saluted the emperor in a quick, brusque way that seemed to startle him. After a word or two the party moved perhaps a hundred yards further on, where they stopped opposite the weaver's cottage so famous from that day. This little house is on the east side of the Donchery road, near its junction with that to Frenois, and stands about twenty paces back from the highway. In front is a stone wall covered with creeping vines, and from a gate in this wall runs to the front door a path of the same stone bordered on both sides with potato vines.

The Emperor having alighted at the gate, he and Bismarck walked together along the narrow path and entered the cottage. Reappearing in about a quarter of an hour, they came out and seated themselves in the open air, the weaver having brought a couple of chairs. Here they engaged in an animated conversation, if much attention is any criterion. The talk lasted fully an hour, Bismarck seeming to do most of it, but at last he arose, saluted the emperor, and strode down the path toward his horse. Seeing me standing near the gate, he joined me for a moment, and asked me if I noticed how the emperor started when they first met, and I telling him that I had, he added: "Well, it must have been due to my manner, not my words, for I spoke to him as I salute your majesty just as I would my king.'" Then the chancellor continued to chat a few minutes longer, assuring me that nothing further was to be done there, and that we had better go to the Chateau Bellevue, where, he said, the formal surrender was to take place.—*Gen. Sheridan in November Scribner.*

DOT SURPLUS.

Hans Brietmann gave a party;
Where is dot party now?

The nation had a surplus;
Where is that surplus now?

G. Cleveland whacked the surplus;
Where is G. Cleveland now?

His message struck the surplus;
Where is that message now?

Free Trade assailed the surplus;
Where are Free Traders now?

The Mills bill hit the surplus;
Where is the Mills bill now?

They all "shied" at the surplus;
Where are the "shiers" now?

The country had a surplus;
Where is that surplus now?

Don't worry about the surplus;
It will be all right now!

Ancient Thanksgiving Days.

Thanksgiving Day was suggested, doubtless, by the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles, or "feast of ingathering at the end of the year." Its history in America begins as early as 1621. The occasional observance of such a day, formally recommended by the civil authorities, was not unusual in Europe at an earlier date. In Holland the first anniversary of the deliverance of the city of Leyden from the siege, October 3, 1573, was kept as a religious festival of thanksgiving and praise. In the English church service, the 5th of November is so celebrated, in commemoration of the discovery of the gunpowder plot. One of the most remarkable thanksgiving customs on record prevailed in Southampton and Easthampton, Long Island. Montauk Point, which consists of nine thousand acres, was owned by numerous proprietors in these towns, and used as a common pasturage for stock. The time of driving the herds home to winter was fixed at a meeting by the town council, "and it came," says the historian, "to be a rule from the period beyond which the memory of man runneth not, that the Thursday of the week following the return of the cattle from Montauk should be observed as a day of thanksgiving." At an early period of New England history, certain periods of prosperity were often made the occasion of public thanksgivings, or feasts, and often a day of fasting and prayer was turned into a day of thanksgiving by what seemed an immediate answer to their prayers.—*November Table Talk.*

George V. N. Lothrop.

Among the relatives and friends who went down to see the Baron and Baroness Huene off to Russia a day or two ago was George V. N. Lothrop, the father of the Baroness, a strikingly courtly and distinguished, but entirely American man. Mr. Lothrop, who until last August was United States minister to Russia, succeeded through years of diplomatic sojourn in a country he had never seen before in preserving to a notable degree the dignity of his office and of his country and his own independence and patriotism. When he goes back now to his law practice in Detroit with his one remaining daughter, he will be received in quite as friendly a fashion as if he had never been abroad among the "big bugs." Now, in the interesting series of experiments in marrying American girls to European noblemen, the alliance of the Baron and Baroness Huene, of which both families entirely approved, ought to be a case worth watching.

The Whipped Dog.

Last summer at a district association in "Ole Virginny," a lean and friendless dog slunk in at the door while a visiting brother was holding forth. The action, a shallow and withered brother, at once displayed surprising alertness. He caught up a buggy whip, and with a determined look in his eye began to hunt that dog. The dog, in turn, got around with marvelous celerity. But what amused the spectators and discouraged the "visiting brother" was the fact that, although the sexton's back never came within ten feet of the dog, he nevertheless yelled and howled in the most frantic way, as if he was on the point of being murdered. Even after he was out of the door and was making a bee line for the woods he continued to wail aloud. The pitiful dog has his counterpart among men.—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

FOR DYSPEPSIA

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. LORENZO WAITE, Pittsfield, Mass., says: "From its use for a period of about eight weeks, to the exclusion of all other remedies, I attribute the restoration to health of a patient who was emaciated to the last degree, in consequence of nervous prostration and dyspepsia. This patient's stomach was in such an irritable condition that he could not bear either liquid or solid food. An accomplished physician of many years experience, whom I called in consultation, pronounced his case an incurable one. At this stage I decided to use Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which resulted as above mentioned."

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A LETTER TO GROVER.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I send you the following letter to the first and last Democratic President since the war:

To His Excellency, Grover Cleveland:

I have considered White House bill No. 2, to re-elect yourself, and find that it does not contain one proposition that is admissible in good government, whilst it is void of wisdom, justice and truth.

It seeks to aid the foreign powers to perpetuate a maladministration, and then, when the people see and cry out against such wickedness, turns about and berates and slanders its friends.

It assails our industries in the most hypocritical manner.

It proposes civil service reform, while its every act is to the reverse.

It makes a cowardly and shameless surrender of our fisheries interests, whilst it invites their destroyers to fatten upon the products which should be supplied by our own people.

It lends without interest the people's money to pet bankers, that they may assist in corrupting our elections, while it allows our nation's defenders to drag out an existence in poorhouses and at the expense of locality.

It turns these brave old men and their patriotic widows out of employment, and replaces them with the worst element of democratic deadbeats and bummers. And then, when overtaken by want, and when they ask the people to come to their rescue, it tells these veterans they are bounty-jumpers and coffee-coolers.

It traduces the character of their widows when they ask for pensions that the nation honestly owes them and is able to pay.

It sneers at the wounds of these brave old heroes, and looks with scorn upon their decrepit old age.

It stealthily slips the trophies captured by these men and placed in safe-keeping as evidences to their patriotic children of the gallant deeds of their sires, and seeks to return them to the putrid remains of that wicked conspiracy simply because they were the finger and consequent evidences of his (the President's party's) guilt.

It makes patriots of traitors, and cormorants of patriots. It teaches our children that at home or in a drinking saloon is the place for patriots when armed treason assails their country.

It teaches that it requires more patriotic courage to stay at home and practice licentiousness than it does to shoulder a musket and go to the country's defense.

It disfranchises 700,000 loyal people in Dakota, and eight times that number at the South, and then screams itself red in the face in proclaiming itself the champion of the rights of a free people.

It puts unwashed treason upon our Supreme court bench. And as though all of these grave offenses were not enough, it plucks the glorious and ever-to-be-loved stars and stripes at half-mast in honor of the vile old villain and traitor, Jake Thompson.

This bill, I find, does not contain one good thing, whilst I cannot conceive of one thing that is mean, dishonest, hypocritical and contemptible that it does not embrace. Therefore, I am constrained to withhold my signature; and in doing so your excellency will not be surprised that I digress from the usual course pursued by your excellency in such cases. And instead of lecturing the people about something of which I know nothing, confine my remarks to subjects of which I know more.

Grover, your patriotism was of slow growth. It should have developed 27 years earlier. Every decade has its lesson, but this is an example of a century. In fact, never before, I believe, did a great nation grasp at corruption upon a bare suspicion that brains was one of its accompaniments, and never will it be done again. I congratulate my countrymen that the nation has escaped so well, though I have never thought of accusing you or your party of contributing in any marked degree to the results so favorable. Had you or your party possessed the power, it surely would have been different.

In conclusion, Grover, if you should conclude to go West and grow up with the country, perhaps it would be more congenial with your habits and training if you would not step east of the Pacific Ocean, as there possibly they have no honored dead whose memories the people love to commemorate; and if so you can go hshing every day in the year and offend nobody.—R. J. GILLASPY, Co. K, 8th Ind. Cav., White City, Kan.

THE BLADE'S PIONEER SUBSCRIBER IN TENNESSEE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As I think I am the pioneer subscriber from Tennessee, I will bring my rail to the CAMP FIRE. I have taken the BLADE 23 years—ever since 1865—and expect to take it two years more, and then apply for membership for life. I can't afford to do without it. I enlisted in 1863 in the 5th Tennessee Infantry; went through the Georgia campaign with Sherman to Atlanta under Gen. Schofield, then came back to Nashville, Tenn., and paid our respects to Gen. Hood at Franklin and Nashville; chased him to the Tennessee river, there took boats and went to Cincinnati from Nashville by rail, and on to Annapolis. There we got on board ship and went to Fort Fisher, N. C., and on to Wilmington, driving the rebels before us and taking their place.

I was there when John McElroy with the other 1,200 poor, starved, naked and broken-down prisoners were turned over to their friends. How they looked and felt I will not attempt to describe, as pen can not do justice to it. Comrades, I there promised my God that if he would spare the lives of the rebels, on my part I would promise to never forget them. While I propose to do what is reasonable and right with all men, I am no dog. I never lick the hand that smites me, as a soldier would be sure to if he voted for Old Veto.—C. F. TIPTON, late 1st sergt. Co. I, 5th Tenn., Morganton, Tenn.

A SOLDIER-PREACHER.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I wish for a seat around the fire. I was a member of Co. H, 21st Iowa Inf., Col. Samuel Merrill commanding. I was in the service a little over three years. I am now a Methodist minister in the Oregon conference, preaching the gospel of peace away out here on the extreme western coast of our country. I have now introduced myself. I wish to make a few remarks. In the BLADE of October 11 I noticed some communications—one from Dan Knight, Co. C, 5th Iowa. He replies to one Biggel, of the 4th Mississippi. I like the ring of his reply, but he goes farther than I would, for I would not call Mr. B. a comrade. They are rebels today, and if they had the power they would hurl the Stars and Stripes from our national capital and plant the stars and bars there. Comrade Knight is correct when he says we don't "want to open up the wounds of the Southern soldiers." What we do dislike is this: While they are enjoying the blessings of the most magnanimous government on the face of the earth, they leave nothing unturned which they think will help the "lost cause."—ARTHUR H. NICHOLS, Tillamook, Ore.

"ONE AMONG THE YOUNGEST."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As I am a constant reader of the BLADE, and especially the CAMP FIRE, I will endeavor to contribute a chip to keep the fire burning (in my father's behalf.) My father was just 15 years and 14 days old when he enlisted at Indianapolis on January 9, 1864, for three years or during the war. He was in the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, Mountain, the Capture of Atlanta, at Waynesboro, Forks, and other important battles. When my father entered the army he was a stout, hearty, robust lad. Now he is a

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

American Indians.

W. M. W., Newport, Iowa:

1. Were there Indians living 300 years ago in every state and territory in the United States? 2. Give a history of the sisters of charity.

1. The whole continent, when discovered by Columbus, was occupied by scattering tribes from the lowest stage of barbarism to the semi-civilized state, corresponding to the stone and bronze ages of the old world, for iron was nowhere wrought. There seems to be an identity of race throughout the continent, and their origin has been a matter of debate for centuries. Jewish writers have contended that the Indians are descended from the ten tribes. Others, with as little foundation in facts, endeavored to derive them from the Welsh, the Mongols, or Malays.

The tribes of North America regarded themselves as comparatively recent occupants of the soil. The Algonquins and Iroquois had traditions of their journey eastward. The Algonquins, styled the Dakotas, men of the salt water, and being pressed eastward by them, repelled their advance. The Athabascans kept up the remembrance of their emigration across the Pacific. While language fails to connect them with any Asiatic families, their modes of life and implements are thought to connect them with the early races of the Eastern continent. The most civilized parts when discovered by Europeans were those extending from New Mexico to Peru. There permanent architecture prevailed, the work of the occupants, or of a previous race. The present Indian population of the United States is estimated at 350,000, while in South America, there are 7,000,000 Indians as the work of extermination has not yet begun on that part of the American continent. 1. The Sisters of Charity are associations of women bound together by religious vows, and devoted to works of charity. In the 5th century mention is made by ecclesiastical writers of societies of women at Rome and Milan and other chief cities of the Roman empire who gave up their wealth and time to relieving the suffering poor. From these associations have come the present organized Sisters of Charity in this country and the world. H. S., Farmersville, Texas:

1. Please give as much of the history of Patrick Henry as you can. 2. Explain why, when a steamer is in rapid motion a person can jump further in the opposite direction than in the direction in which the steamer is in motion? 3. When the Vice President assumes the office of President has he the power of appointing new cabinet officers?

1. Read the sketch elsewhere in the QUESTION BUREAU this week entitled Patrick Henry. 2. He cannot. 3. Yes, he has the same powers as if elected directly.

Patrick Henry.

E. L. W., Berlington, Ind.:

Please give a sketch of the life, and character, of Patrick Henry, of Virginia. Please give details as far as space will permit.

He was the son of a Scotchman who settled in Virginia where Patrick was born May 29, 1736, and died at Red Hill, Charlotte county, Virginia, at the age of 63 years. He seems to have been somewhat shiftless in his youn manhood. But at last when 24 years old, he began to see that something must be done or his family would starve to death. After six weeks diligent study of the law he was admitted to the bar on condition that he would pursue the study further, before attempting to practice, but no one would employ him, he was nothing but a lazy pettifogger. In 1763 he was employed in the case of Parsons against the state in the question of the state tax on tobacco, the case had virtually gone against him when he arose. He began in a faltering and apparently broken manner, the persons who sympathized with his side were giving up in dismay when a sudden transformation took place in the speaker, who now began to take the house by storm and over the whole assembly. Silence waited upon his words, the people were breathless with intense passion. He won his cause. He now was the celebrated man of the region. In 1765 he was elected to the Virginia House, where he spoke with overpowering effect, on the great questions at issue between Parliament and the colonies. He foretold that the differences would lead to battle, drew the first sword and in 1775 he ended his greatest speech in the assembly with the fiery words: "As for me, give me liberty or give me death." He was elected the first governor of the state of Virginia, and was again put in the same place after peace had been declared. Washington appointed him secretary of state in 1795, but he refused to accept. He is remembered as the most remarkable orator of his time.

Over Niagara Falls.

EDITOR QUESTION BUREAU:—In your issue of October 25th, I see "Niagara County Boy" takes exceptions to a statement made by you in your issue of August 4th, that "no fragment or part of any one ever having gone over the Niagara Falls has been found." "Niagara County Boy" is correct, notwithstanding the statement of the Hon. Thomas C. Street. In the year 1855, a party of three men from Buffalo, sailing near Navy Island, were drawn into the rapids and went over the Falls, and my uncle, John Christman, now of Marson, Iowa, and myself, recovered two of the bodies, one of which was perfectly nude with the exception of a cotton sock on the right foot, the other having only a linen collar around the neck. The bodies were towed to the Canadian shore, and a coroner's jury empanelled, and Thomas C. Street, then member of parliament for the county of Welland, Ont., was one of the jurors at that inquest. Animate bodies have gone over the Falls and come out alive. For instance, Dr. Creighton, now dead, had a Newfoundland dog that went over the Falls twice and returned to his home, but the third trial killed him. On all three occasions he started from the head of Cedar Island, then owned by the Hon. T. C. Street, and swam towards the center of the Falls, and went over where the water appeared to be the deepest. To all appearances it seemed to be a clear case of "dog suicide."—A WELLAND COUNTY BOY.

Hydraulic Press.

J. E. Schwartz, Belmore, O.:

Will you please oblige a constant reader by explaining the principle of the hydraulic press, and how long it has been in use?

The principle of the hydraulic press were first brought into prominence by Daniel Bernoulli in 1738, and his works upon the subject were conceded to be one of the finest productions of mathematical genius. The modern press is constructed on the following basis: Equal surfaces of the sides of a vessel containing a liquid, receive equal pressures at equal depths below the surface; and also that if a close vessel is filled with a liquid which we will suppose to have no weight, and if an aperture of the size of one square inch be made in one side of it and fitted with a piston upon which there is exerted a pressure of ten pounds, there will also be exerted the same pressure of ten pounds upon every square inch of the internal surface of the vessel. Consequently if an aperture of 100 square inches area is made in the side of the vessel, and a cylinder of the same size is fitted to it, a piston fitted to this will receive a pressure of 1,000 pounds. Upon this principle the hydraulic press of to-day is made.

Religions of the World.

Dr. R. V. Miller, Akron, Mo.:

1. What is the number of Christians on the globe and the number of adherents to other religions? 2. How many religions are there?

There are 387,000,000 professed Christians in the world, estimated as follows: Roman Catholics, 201,000,000; Protestant, 106,000,000; Eastern churches, 81,000,000. Of other religions the followers are: Buddhists, 340,000,000; Mohammedans, 201,000,000; Brahamism, 175,000,000; followers of Confucius, 80,000,000; Sinto religion, 14,000,000; Judaism, 7,000,000. Besides these there are not mentioned the followers of 1,000 other religions in which are spoken 3,064 languages.

The Old Coin Market.

F. E., Griswold Harper, Kan.:

I have an old quarter dollar dated 1853 with the arrow on. Is it worth anything? If so, how much, and where can I sell it?

There is no regular market for old coins, nor an established price. We have a number of queries on file relative to the sale of coins, and in answer to these questions we desire to state that while it is true that a steady search for certain rare coins has made their scarcity so well known that a fixed premium on them has been very widely advertised, they have no fixed value. The premium for a majority of so-called "old coins" is subject to the strength of desire for it by the individual coin collector, and therefore it cannot be said that there is a regular market for rare pieces of money of times past. At a recent sale in New York, some excellent prices were obtained. A "Washington Naked Bust," a one-cent piece coined in England in 1792, brought $53.50; a half dime of 1794 in perfect condition sold for $10.25; a good gold coin of the Emperor Domitian brought $11; a five-dollar Bechtler coin, California gold, 20 carats fine, dated August 1, 1834, brought $8, and a two-dollar-and-a-half coin of the same date and fineness $4.50. Some half-dollars brought $3.70 and $2.25, and rare quarter-dollars sold for $3.30 and $4.80. For all of these coins there was brisk rivalry, and the high prices obtained for them was the measure of the bidding coin enthusiast's desire to possess them. The half-dime of 1794, which was knocked down at $16.25, was started at $5. If it were again put on sale it might bring no more than the price named in the first bidder in the sale here mentioned. There is no telling what a person can get for an old coin, and therefore interrogations as to their value cannot be definitively answered.

Anniversary Days.

James H. C., Bloomington, Ill.:

Do we keep the exact day of our Lord's birth in celebrating the anniversary of Christmas?

There is no way that we can be certain about it. The Russians keep their Christmas Day about twelve days later than we do. I will make a suggestion that I think will be approved by both clergymen and laymen, namely, that the religious festival be observed on the Sunday next before the winter solstice, and the next day be made a legal holiday for social festivities. A very much larger proportion of the people would be at liberty to attend church on the Sunday, and extra efforts would be made to make it a joyous and impressive religious festival. If the Sunday argument be deemed of insufficient weight, another good arrangement would be to make the day on which the winter solstice occurs Christmas Day, thus bringing the religious festival of Christmas and the secular festival of New Year's Day close together; which would be a great convenience to all business men. Many reasons might be assigned as to why the next day after the winter's solstice should be named New Year's Day. Taking the winter solstice as the starting point, the earth marks the length of its own year by one revolution around the sun, completing the journey on arrival at the next winter solstice. The earth and the sun, and the "lights in the firmament of heaven," will, in obedience to the laws of their great Creator, unwearidly mark the "signs" and the "seasons" and the "days" and the "years." Is it not time we should acquiesce and let them give us a perpetual and simple lesson in astronomy?

The adoption of the rule suggested would involve about the same change as was made by Gregory XIII. from the old to the new style, namely, about ten days, so that, for instance, the Glorious Fourth would occur on July 14. This change may be thought too sweeping, but it would be a correct one and lost forever.

Will 1900 Be a Leap Year.

J. Y. B., Elkhart, Ind.:

In a recent issue the BUREAU said 1900 will be a leap year. Is that correct?

According to certain calender rules it will not, yet owing to peculiar circumstances there is a varied opinion. A few weeks ago we published an answer to the above question in detail. There is another phase of the subject. Let the next day after each winter solstice be New Year's Day, and invariably designated as the 1st day of January. This rule carried out without exception would of itself necessitate the addition of one day to the ordinary year, when necessary, and only when necessary. The addition of one day to every fourth year is too much by eleven minutes and fourteen seconds per annum, and this extra addition amounts to a whole day in about 128 years. A leap year has then to be dispensed with in order to correct the overadditions. Already it is a mooted question as to whether the year 1900 (although divisible by four without a remainder) should be reduced to an ordinary year of 365 days, and probably it may have to be settled by international action. The simple rule indicated above would solve the question for all time, as the addition will never be made when not necessary.

The additional day, when necessary, should be added to the leap year, making it the 366th day, but to avoid giving the month of December thirty-two days the length of each month should be apportioned as follows;

January	30 days	August	31 days
February	30 days	September	30 days
March	31 days	October	31 days
April	30 days	November	30 days
May	31 days	*December	30 days
June	30 days		
July	31 days	Total	365 days

*December should be given thirty-one days when necessary.

French Spoliation Claims.

Mrs. H. S., Sandbourn, Ind.:

Tell all you can about the French Spoliation Claims.

During the Revolutionary war, France and the United States made common cause as the result of the treaty of 1778, by which among other things, each government agreed to permit the other to carry on trade with an enemy, and even to convey the enemy's goods, provided these were not contraband. After our treaty of peace in 1783 with Great Britain, France found herself once more engaged in war with that nation. France maintained that by the treaty of 1778 we were bound to assist her, but as our government did not admit this and maintained a neutral position, France seized many cargoes of American vessels trading with England. The United States overlooked these facts for the time being, but in 1797 and in 1799 the claims of those who had lost property by these French spoliations, were presented to France by our commissioners. Finally a bill passed congress and was approved by President Arthur on January 20, 1885, ordering the Court of Claims to investigate and report to congress upon the French spoliation claims. Your other questions are not of general interest.

Edwin, L. W., Berlinton, Ind.:

Read the Rules.

Enclosed find stamp. Please inform me as to how I should address my letters for the QUESTION BUREAU. I am certain that I complied with all of the rules.

Read the rules at the top of the column. You will find the statement that we are behind from two to three weeks, and no one can expect an immediate reply. You must understand, as well as other readers of the QUESTION BUREAU, that you are only one of nearly two hundred thousand readers, a large per centage of whom are sending questions into the BUREAU. With this immense accumulation of questions it is impossible to give an immediate reply. Questions are filed as they come in and must take their turn in the order they arrive. In this manner each question will receive due consideration. Your questions are probably on the file. We have numerous queries about answers that have appeared and been overlooked by subscribers. Always be sure that your question has not been answered before calling attention to the fact.

Miscellaneous.

G. B. E., Toledo, O.: Consult the advertising columns.

Dr. T. U., Wakeeny, Kan.: Yes; consult the state statutes.

Alice S. Harrold, Dak.: Order from George Munro, publisher, New York.

E. M. C. L., ——: The tariff has been reviewed in the BLADE Tariff Primer.

W. B. M., McMechen, W. Va.:
Your questions have been answered repeatedly.

Alva W., Star, Ind.:
Your question would not interest BLADE readers.

C. S., Lamb's Corners, N. Y.:
Your question was answered last month. See back numbers.

Tennie, E. L., Sugar Branch, Ind.:
Read the article in last week's QUESTION BUREAU, "Solar and Mean Time."

C. A. Henderson, Marshall, N. C.:
You will find the desired books advertised in the BLADE advertising columns.

F. R., Imlay City. Grant did not. Haves had Gen. Keyes, a Southerner, in his Cabinet. We have published a sketch of Mosby.

R. H. F., Rennselaer Falls, N. Y.:
Who receives the largest pensions?
Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield.

Cora A. M., Kingman, Kan.:
You can order it from your bookseller. If he has not received the poem, ask him to send for it.

Nora Cloyd, Mosheim, Tenn.:
Please publish the poem of "Kentucky Belle or Morgan's Raid Through Kentucky." If the BUREAU has not the space, will some one of the BLADE readers please send it to me?
The poem is too long for publication in the BUREAU.

Mrs. Carrie M. G., Scottville, Ill.:
1. Is Belva Lockwood a single lady, and is that her real name? 2. I often see the picture of an owl sitting in a picture of the moon. Can you tell the meaning thereof?

1. She is married. 2. It has no especial meaning that we know of, unless it signifies that they both travel by night.

J. C. M., Tacoma, Wash. T.:
Is the secretary of the Treasury paying for bonds before they are due?

None of the bonds now being bought by the secretary of the Treasury are due. The 4½ per cents are due September 1, 1891. The 4 per cents are due in 1907. The amount of both classes of bonds bought under present regulations is about $90,000,000.

L. B. Massillon, O.:
1. Are the eagle cents bearing the date of 1857-58 of any value, if so what value? 2. Can you tell me who will purchase coins at the prices mentioned in the BLADE of October 25.

1. They are not rare and have no especial value. 2. There are regular old coin dealers in New York, but we cannot recall their exact address. It is in or Fulton street between Broadway and Nassau.

A. S. K., Farmersville, Pa.:
Cannot a patron of a postoffice in the country district demand his mail between the hours of 7 p. m. and 9 p. m. What is the law relative to this? Can a postmaster at 6 p. m. refuse, or at any time, to register a letter on account of a political meeting.

The government regulates the opening and closing hours of the postoffices, and the postmasters must comply with them.

R. L. B., Hoyle, N. C.:
1. How may we know counterfeit bills from a government bill? 2. Are there any counterfeit bills being made of late? 3. Would you advise a young man to emigrate to the southern part of California?

2. Generally detected by the quality of paper used. The cashier of your bank will furnish you a list of bills in circulation. 2. We have not heard of such. 3. No. Southern California is overcrowded. If you have a good position stay where you are.

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

Ask For Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and be sure you get it, when you want the best blood-purifier.

With its forty years of unexampled success in the cure of Blood Diseases, you can make no mistake in preferring Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most popular, being in greater demand than all others combined.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."—George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far excel those of any other, and it gives thorough satisfaction."—L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills are the best selling medicines in my store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—C. Bickhaus, Pharmacist, Roseland, Ill.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"I have sold your medicines for the last seventeen years, and always keep them in stock, as they are staples. 'There is nothing so good for the youthful blood' as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—R. L. Parker, Fox Lake, Wis.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I have in stock. I recommend it, or, as the Doctors say, I prescribe it over the counter.' It never fails to meet the cases for which I recommend it, even where the doctors' prescriptions have been of no avail."—C. F. Calhoun, Monmouth, Kansas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Reader, Powhaton, O:
Use common book binders' paste.

T. W. R., Dwight, Kan.:
We cannot spare the space.

W. S. Dunbar, Cannon City, Col.:
Order the book from a Denver book dealer.

Miss Lela A. P., Brooklyn, Mich.:
See the article on old coin market this week.

T. E. Ross, Atchison, Kan.:
Read the article on "Old Coin Market," in this week's QUESTION BUREAU.

H. A. Bence, Bay City, Mich.:
You are referred to the answer entitled Old Coin Market in this week's BUREAU.

A. B. R., Vermillion, Kan.:
Your questions were answered in the QUESTION BUREAU last week, under the head "Religious Denominations."

Mrs. A. L., Freeport, Ind.:
The book may have some value in London. Address a letter to the editor of the London *Spectator*, London, Eng., also the *Times* in the same city.

C. C. Wilmarth, Thompson, Pa.
I noticed in the BLADE in the Literary column a review of new books that recently came out. Can I buy any of those books and what are the prices?
Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

J. C. H., Illion, Ill.:
How much of the national debt has been paid in the last four years?

Since President Cleveland went into office there was paid $175,000,000, or a little less than one-tenth of the total on January 1, 1885.

R. F. Masters, Mancelona, Mich.:
I want to know, through your paper, if the —— company, of Florida is good and responsible, and can give a good deed.
The company you mention is believed to be a fraud, in that the land is worthless.

G. K., Toledo, O.:
A frequent reader of your paper would like to know your opinion which was a better orator, James G. Blaine or Roscoe Conkling?
Roscoe Conkling was conceded to be the most eloquent political orator of the day.

D. A. Bowman, Woodstock, Va.:
1. Can you recommend a cure for constipation? 2. Where in the United States are Seventh Day Adventists most numerous? 3. Where in the world are Catholics most numerous?
1. Consult a physician. 2. Rhode Island. 3. Ireland.

J. B. C., Findlay, O.:
Please tell me whether there has been a voyage made successful, from the Arctic Ocean eastward into the Atlantic. 2. Is the Dominion of Canada larger in square miles than the United States?
1. No. 2. Yes.

I. F. Rosenteel, West Overton, Pa.:
What island has 100 species of animals that are found nowhere else?
Australia. Not only is it a fact relative to animals, but on the island nine-tenths of the 3,000 species of plants found are entirely unconnected with the forms of vegetation of any other division of the world.

S. G. Kilgore, London, O.:
Will you please tell me through the QUESTION BUREAU where I can get a shoe with a cork sole about three inches high for a cripple, one limb short.
If your local shoe dealer cannot furnish it write to any of the great shoe manufacturers at Lynn, Mass.

H. J. C., Chelsea, Mich.:
1. What are writs of certiorari? 2. How are congresses numbered? For example—What does the 51st congress mean? 3. What is the historical significance of the word athenæum?
1. Consult a lawyer. 2. A Congress lasts through the terms of office of Representatives, which are two years. The Fifty-first Congress begins on March 4, 1889, and lasts till March 4, 1891. 3. A theatre of ancient Greece.

H. J. A., Montrose, Iowa:
Please tell me if Cleveland acted as hangman when he was sheriff, or did he hire a substitute? If he did the job himself, what did he charge for it?
He probably hired a substitute. A sheriff generally hires a hangman, who is disguised so as to be unrecognizable. There are men who make this wretched trade a regular business, and get their living by taking the life of unfortunate criminals. They have very few of the better instincts of humanity and are not susceptible of any feeling of sentiment.

J. P. C., ——:
1. Who nominated Lincoln in the convention for president in 1860? 2. Is there a certificate issued for every gold and silver dollar deposited in the United States treasury? 3. Are national banks bills taxable, or rather do national banks pay tax on their bills in circulation?
1. Leonard Swift. 2. Any person may deposit gold and silver dollars in the treasury and obtain certificates therefor. From these deposits certificates are issued. 3. Yes. The banks pay to the government a tax of half of 1 per cent on their bills in circulation.

G. W. E., Millbury, O.:
1. Would you please give names of Cleveland's cabinet officers. 2. What fund will the money be placed in that was awarded to Wood county, at the Centennial at Columbus? 3. Was U. S. Grant ever a Democrat?
1. Thomas F. Bayard, secretary state; William Endicott, secretary war; William C. Whitney, secretary navy; Charles S. Fairchild, secretary of treasury; Don M. Dickinson, postmaster general; William C. Vilas, secretary of interior; Augustus H. Garland, attorney general. 2. Consult the Wood county auditor or State Auditor Poe. 3. No.

Miss E. G., Argos, Ind.:
You will find a sketch of of Patrick Henry in the QUESTION BUREAU this week.

A Business Transaction.

Son-in-law Silverstine—Mister Schaumburg, I vants you to dake back your daughter Repecca.

Father-in-law Schaumburg—I dakes not dot Repecca pack. Ven a man comes to my house, picks out himself a piece of goots, and dot goots vas received by him in good order, I would pe a fool to dake pack dot goots. No, sir, you schoost keep dot Repecca.—*Siftings.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

COMFORT AND LUXURY,

Something About Warm and Stylish Underwear for the Fair Sex.

BUT a short time ago all improvements in the manufacture of woolens were confined to flannels and cloths for outer garments and skirting, rather than to underwear. The merino underwear which has been offered in the shops for many years has been a model of ugliness in shape. There seemed to be a fixed belief in most people that such coarse, ill-shaped garments were a necessary sacrifice to health. Manufacturers appeared to think it would be undignified for them to make any concession to beauty in the cut and make of such practical clothing. For many years past there has been a growing demand for woolen underwear, coming from all sources. People in all grades of life have adopted so-called woolen undergarments and the majority of intelligent people to-day wear an undervest of wool or silk at all seasons of the year.

The immense demand for merino underwear led manufacturers to lively competition. Every trick was resorted to to reduce the price of merino and of late years the quality of all these garments has deteriorated so that now by far the larger quantity of merino sold in market is simply heavy cotton stockinet without any wool. A smaller quantity contains about 25 per cent of wool and the best English grades not over 50 per cent, or, in very exceptional cases, a trifle more. Merino, which once meant a goods of all wool, is now a trade term for a mixture of cotton and wool. Wise, practical people have found that merino is heavy but not warm, a mere sham to meet their demand for wool underwear, and fastidious women say that it is neither warm nor pretty, and that it is so clumsily made that it lies in heavy awkward folds under their corsets, interfering with the contour of the finest fitting French corsets.

The sanitary wool undergarments and the ribbed underwear of all-wool, silk and wool, and pure silk are introduced to take the place of merino. The greatest drawback to the introduction of either is the careless laundress and manufacturers of both styles of garments give valuable directions for washing which are substantially the same and ought to be printed in bold type in every laundry in the land where woollen cloth is washed. The fabric of the sanitary wool underwear is a fine all-wool stockinet which comes in "natural" gray, a mixture of white and dark sheep's wool, and in pure white. The finest grade of Australian sheep's wool is used in the manufacture of this stockinet, and it is the perfection of a fine, soft wool fabric.

The dealers prefer to recommend their gray mixed goods for every one, but few women are willing to wear so colored undergarment and the medium quality of white sanitary stockinet is more popular for ladies' and children's use. The undervest for ladies made by the normal system is a jersey-like garment of this elastic stockinet. It is high in the neck with long sleeves, and double the entire front over the lungs and abdomen. It is made in many styles, buttoning in front and at the side. A single dart fits the vest to the figure and a slight trimming of lace ornaments the neck. The greatest drawback to these garments is the made seams. If by any improvement this sanitary undervest could be worn like a jersey it would seem to have solved the problem of underwear in the sleeved high-necked shapes. It is dainty to look upon and wholesome to wear, but some individuals find the made seams, or felled sewn seam, quite uncomfortable and use the ribbed seamless vest which is not as dainty a material and probably not as pure wool.

Ladies' sanitary vests in the medium weight quality and 34 inch size are now $2.81 at retail in New York. There are, in spite of theory, many ladies who feel uncomfortably stiffed in a high-necked, low-sleeved undervest and many others who wear a high-necked vest but cannot endure a sleeved jersey undergarment. For such heretical individuals the sanitary wool dealers make no provision, but they keep the beautiful soft white and the mixed gray stockinet of which these garments are made by the yard in tubular weave, so that the side seams are avoided. The medium quality in the width for a 34-inch garment is $1.23 in white and $1.38 in gray, and $1.38 in white. The sanitary underwear is certainly a boon to many invalids and delicate persons who wear it in spite of the "German" seams. The long creamy white nightgowns of wool are dainty and certainly comfortable for many occasions when a woolen garment of this description is desirable, especially in travel on land or water. In a medium size they cost $4.17 each.

Fashionable women usually wear the ribbed underwear of pure silk and wool or pure wool because they are made in styles suited to wear with evening corsages. Ladies who wear full dress frequently during the winter months find it necessary to wear low-necked and sleeveless underwear in order to avoid too violent a change when decollete corsages are worn, and feel more comfortable in such an undervest fitting closely to the figure and woven without seams than in anything heavier. Good qualities of ribbed wool undergarments range from $2 upward, and good qualities of ribbed silk underwear begin in price at $5 and $6. Ribbed underwear in all styles comes in sleeveless garments, high in the neck, heart shaped, pointed or low in the neck, and in garments high in the neck with half long sleeves. Fastidious women usually select white silk underwear. Many prefer unbleached silk or wool.

Flannel skirts are made of twilled French flannel, of ribbed knit goods and of sanitary stockinet. In the fashionable furnishing shops twilled white flannel is the favorite material. The skirt is made with a hem finished at the top with feather stitching and a scant ruffle embroidered with the needle in white silk. Occasionally the hem is finished with a scant ruffle of creamy wool lace and often with a ruffle of flannel embroidered with wool and silk instead of in solid silk; sometimes a little color is introduced in this embroidery. Japanese skirts, quilted, of black taffeta silk over a soft wool filling are the lightest warm balmoral skirts offered in the shops. When these are too warm a skirt of silk lined with wool is chosen. For driving and extreme cold weather are wadded skirts of Alaska down. Japanese skirts of quilted taffeta silk are $7. Satin skirts are $10 upward.

A Visiting Costume.

The illustration given here shows a very pretty visiting costume, which includes a stylish visite jacket with hat to correspond. The visite jacket turns back in front, with revers terminating in a long point, and is made with a waistcoat in cream and gold cord. The hat is trimmed with loops of cream and gold ribbon, and a quill feather. The whole forms a very attractive garment, and will undoubtedly become very popular among the ladies during the present autumn. It is tasteful and quiet, and will certainly add to the charms of the fair wearers who adopt it.

Salt Rheum

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humors and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Israel Was Included.

"Mamma, I know where God is," said a thoughtful little miss last evening.

"Of course you do, darling. God is everywhere."

"No he ain't either. He's in Israel; General Alger said so."

"What do you mean, child?" and the mother showed some acerbity as she made the inquiry.

"Well, General Alger said that as sure as God's in Israel General Harrison would be elected; and General Harrison was elected, wasn't he? Papa said he was, anyhow, and I guess he ought to know, 'cause he's funny, and you cried.—*Detroit Examiner.*

AGENTS WANTED.

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THE EFFECT OF RUM ON THE LIFE POWER.

DR. RICHARDSON, an eminent English authority, in a recent article in *Longman's Magazine*, discusses the conservation of the life forces in the human system, and the effect thereon of the use of intoxicants. It seems to be a fact well established in physiology that the human machine, the body, is fitted in each part for a certain amount of work each day, and where any one part has imposed upon it a greater task than that for which it is fitted, injury must be the result. For instance, the heart is fitted, in each individual, largely according to his heredity, to do a certain amount of work, to beat a certain number of beats, for distributing daily a certain number of foot-tons of blood over the body, and then of finishing its course or career. It is probable that in the work thus carried out nothing is ever recalled. So much done, so much lost.

The heart may wear out in its own structure by changes of disease going on there, and that adds to the evil; but we wish to call attention to the single point that this ever working organ, in its natural state, is dying out simply by its own work, and it is by so studying it that the difficulties now being considered come to view. Stimulation of various kinds, hastening the decline of power, thus comes into operation and the organ falls under it. This extra work is felt by all at one time or another. The man compelled to work late at night feels it when obliged to forfeit the natural time of sleep; the man in the money market feels it when he lets his excitement of sale or purchase carry his heart away into wild hope or wilder despair; the man of unbridled passion, who grows pale or red with rage, feels it up to the extremest tension, and is almost invariably cut short in his career long before it is at its natural fulfillment, by this fact of the heart's wear alone. Beyond all these the jealous man feels it and literally corrodes into broken heart long before the proper period for which he was constructed, for of all moral excitements, jealousy is the most fatal.

The same thing is true, and to an even greater extent, of those who indulge, even moderately, in the use of intoxicants. It is a common practice, when a man feels tired and worn, to take a glass of Rum in some form to give the exhausted system a fillip. What is the *modus operandi*? The alcohol, on reaching the stomach, is at once absorbed into the circulation. The tired heart at once begins to beat stronger and faster—not because the alcoholic poison added strength, but simply to drive the blood faster through the system, in order that the liver the lungs, the skin and the kidneys may the sooner eliminate the subtle poison from the system. The blood is driven the faster to all the organs, including the brain. The result is, the drinker feels better for the time being; and he foolishly imagines that the drink has given him strength.

Never was there a more fatal mistake. It has not added one iota of strength to his wearied frame. It has merely stimulated the heart, already tired, to renewed exertion. It has added to the daily task of that organ. It has diminished by so much the life force, and brought the man that much nearer his grave. Added to this, the constant excitement of the heart, consequent upon the habit of drinking, not only wears it out sooner than the time when, in the course of nature, it must inevitably fail, but it leads to fatty degeneration of the organ itself, and to functional disorders, any one of which may result in death—premature death, due solely to the use of Rum.

"But," says the reader, "by this showing the drinking men should all die of heart failure, or apoplexy, or heart disease." The reason is, that the other organs of the body are treated exactly like the heart, and they seem to be even more easily injured than is the heart. That organ keeps up the circulation of the blood. The lungs, the liver and the kidneys purify it, and render it capable of sustaining life. Alcohol is not only a poison to these organs themselves, but when it is taken into the blood it gives them extra work to do in order to expel it from the system as soon as possible. Under the double attack of a positive poison and the extra work, they are apt to fail even before the heart. Hence consumption of the lungs is a common end to drunkards. "Hob-nail liver"—medically termed cirrhosis—brings others to their graves; while the great prevalence of organic diseases of the kidneys, which are always fatal, is largely due to the Rum habit.

DR. RICHARDSON, in speaking of the means of prolonging life to its full limit, says:

> An aid toward the storage of life is that stoical virtue which may be summed up in the term, perfected or all round temperance. I do not include in this term what is commonly understood abstinence merely from stimulating or alcoholic drinks. Such abstinence is more than half the battle, but it is far from all the battle. The storage of life is reduced by intemperance of life, is reduced by intemperance of speech, of action, and even of thought. We may consider that whatever quickens the action of the heart beyond its natural bounds is a form of intemperance.

Here is the statement, from a high authority, that abstinence from alcoholic stimulants—from Rum—is "more than half the battle." Rum is the greatest shortener of human life. All other curses, taken together, do not make up a total equal to the shortening due to the use of Rum.

Yet we have men arguing that people will drink, and that, therefore, Prohibition is a foolish attempt to prolong their lives in spite of themselves! Are we doing our whole duty by our fellow-men if we do not use every influence within our command to banish this one great factor in the shortening of the span of existence?

It would be an easy task, comparatively, to do this, if it were not for human selfishness. But there are men, and unfortunately many of them, whose greed for money is greater than their care for the welfare of their fellow-man. There is money in making and selling Rum. It is an easy way of acquiring wealth, if a man is dead to the moral side of the question. And the men who make and sell Rum constitute the Rum Power—that selfish combination of men whose lives are devoted to the occupation of ruining their brethren, body and soul, by dealing out to them the poison which, more than any other cause, cuts off their lives before they have reached the allotted period. The great obstacle to this mightiest reform of the age is the Rum Power, and the first step in the accomplishment of that reform must be to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

IN 1884 the third party Prohibitionists in Delaware cast 1,474 votes for representatives. This year they cast but 393 votes.

THE BLADE AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

The BLADE has always aimed to bring out a list of useful household articles, wherewith to supply its readers who may need them, without their having to pay the several intermediate profits with which they are charged when they purchase of local dealers. We have always aimed to obtain articles or actual necessity in families, and also to have them of the *very best* quality; and we have always sold them at a price which will not more than cover the actual cost of production and our trouble in handling them.

A few years ago we were offered sewing machines by various companies—cheap affairs, which were sold as premiums with various newspapers. They were not as good as we desired, nor were we able to get a really reliable and thoroughly well-made machine at a low price. Hence the BLADE, at an expense of a great many thousand dollars, built a factory, filled it with machinery especially adapted to the manufacture of sewing machines, and since it has been in operation has scattered many thousands of BLADE Sewing Machines throughout the United States. It is a perfectly reliable machine, as good as any on the market, simple, durable and cheap; for we can furnish it, and the Weekly BLADE for one year, for $18.

The books which are offered in connection with the BLADE are of our own publication, and of the highest standard of excellence in their particular lines. We furnish them, with the BLADE, at prices not over *one-third* those at which the same class of books sell for in stores. Our stock of "Nasby's" books is going very fast, and they will soon be out of print. Our catalogue of books offers the very best selection for holiday presents, especially Miss Bouton's books, which should be in every family.

The watch which we offer in connection with the BLADE is as good a time-keeper as any man need carry. They are a newer watch than the Waterbury, and much more satisfactory. They have a short, stem-wind, and are stem-setters. They cannot fail to please.

The last step we have taken in the line of supplying household needs is in bringing out the BLADE Bench Wringer, which is announced elsewhere. We have had a large number manufactured for us by one of the largest factories in the country. They are made of the best material, under the latest and best patents, and are sold at the lowest possible price. They are offered, with the BLADE, at half the price that a wringer alone of this quality can be purchased for at retail, and as cheap as the very cheapest and poorest tub wringer can be bought at the stores.

We aim to bring out only such articles as are really household necessities, and no one need hesitate to order anything we offer in connection with the paper, for the reason that we are willing to, and do, guarantee everything which we offer over our own name.

The announcements of the BLADE Sewing Machine, the BLADE Watch, the BLADE Wringer, and the BLADE Books will be found on the fifth page. Read them carefully.

FINISHING THE FLAG.

As is well known, the thirteen red and white stripes of the American flag allude to the thirteen original colonies, while the number of stars in the blue union equal the number of states. There are thirty-eight of them at present. How many will there be when the flag is completed, and all the territories are admitted as states?

There are ten of these embryo commonwealths, including the Indian Territory and Alaska. Of these, several already have sufficient population to entitle them to statehood. Dakota will probably be divided into South and North Dakota (or better into Dakota and Pembina), and with Washington and Montana, soon add their four stars to the flag of the free. Wyoming is certain of early admission, and Idaho will not be far behind her.

Utah must rid herself of the taint of polygamy, and that done, she can speedily enter the Union. That the Indian Territory will come in as Oklahoma is one of the certainties of the future. Arizona and New Mexico will come in speedily, and the question of the admission of territories into the Union will no longer be a disturbing factor in the politics of the nation. There will ten states be added, and the completed flag will bear forty-eight stars.

But how about Alaska? The climate is against her, and it is doubtful if she will ever have a settled, resident population sufficient to entitle her to statehood. Again, she is isolated from the rest of the country, and this militates against her early admission, if she is ever admitted at all.

There will be then but two ways in which the number of states can be increased. First, by the acquisition of new territory—Canada and Mexico—or by carving new states out of those already existing, by joining parts of two or more states or dividing the larger states—Texas, for instance. But what good in such division? The small states have too much power, in proportion to their size. It would be the part of wisdom to combine the smaller ones into single commonwealths, rather than to divide the larger states. The probability that either will be done is very remote, however; and any addition to the forty-eight states the completed flag will bear will, in all probability, be made by the addition of new territory to the present Union on the north, or south, or on both.

THE present administration certainly did its best to perpetuate itself in power. It is charged that the naval appropriations for repairs and like purposes were used before the election where it was supposed that they would do the Democratic party the most good. The construction appropriation for repairs to vessels for the present fiscal year has already been exhausted, and the appropriations for the work done by the construction bureau have been used so that it will take an expert accountant many weeks to straighten them out. Repairs on vessels will soon have to be suspended, and not resumed until Congress makes a further appropriation for their continuance. A large number of dismissals in the navy yards have been made since the election, and many more are to follow.

THE United States Supreme court has rendered a decision which may be of the highest importance to many people who have their lives insured. It is to the effect that a life insurance policy is no part of the estate of a dead person who may have died insolvent, and is not liable for his debts. It must be paid over to the beneficiary named in it.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN'S wine was auctioned off the other day in New York, and realized some $5,000. Mr. TILDEN may be remembered as a gentleman who tried hard to steal the Presidency in 1876, but failed.

THE reform which cries the loudest for execution is the bringing of our demoralized postal service back to the state of efficiency in which the Democrats found it in 1885.

KEEP up your Republican campaign clubs. Make their organization permanent, that they may be centers of political education for the voters.

THE Vermont legislature has rejected the proposition to give women the ballot, the vote in the House standing 37 yeas to 192 nays.

CHAIRMAN MILLS believes CLEVELAND should be the Democratic candidate in 1892. So do the Republicans.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE YEAR.

We have on our subscription lists a larg number of campaign names, whose subscriptions expire during November. We ask these newcomers to send in their subscriptions for one year from the expiration of their present terms. It is not necessary to ask our old constituents to renew, as they always do. The BLADE is to them a household necessity. Our campaign subscribers should by that time be well enough acquainted with the BLADE'S merits to be willing to renew for the next year. With this week the political campaign closes, and from now on we shall make it a purely literary and news family weekly. During an important campaign we are obliged to devote so much space to political discussions that the real value of the paper for the remainder of the year is not so clearly seen. Our campaign subscribers can not certainly do any better than to renew for the Weekly BLADE, as it recognized by everybody as *the* representative model newspaper for general circulation, and is the only weekly paper in this country that has a circulation in every state and territory of the United States.

CHANGING THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM, AND NO RE-ELECTION.

A discussion has sprung up in New York city as to the propriety of changing the federal constitution so that the President shall serve six years instead of four, and be ineligible thereafter for re-election. The reasons assigned for these two changes may be summarized as follows:

That CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW estimates the loss of business resulting from a heated Presidential campaign like the one we have just passed through at $500,000,000, which opinion is coincided with by many business men.

That the President, by being eligible for re-election, devotes much time to laying wires to control the nominating convention; that this gives machine politicians too great a hold on him; that his action, even on grave questions of national polity, is affected by the base need of truckling to popular prejudices and partisan exigencies, and his every act dominated by the desire to render him more popular with elements that may control his re-election.

That the second series of reasons, militating against the Presiden's eligibility for re-election, is sound, we think every thinking citizen will agree. We have had a most striking instance of many of the evils enumerated in the desperate but futile effort Mr. CLEVELAND made to be his own successor. We believe that the President should not be eligible for re-election. This has been the opinion of many of our leading statesmen. ANDREW JACKSON, in his message of December 8, 1820, recommended the restriction of the President to one term. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, in his inaugural address, March 4, 1841, said:

> The eligibility of the same individual to a second term of the Presidency is unquestionably a defect of the constitution. The sagacious mind of Mr. Jefferson early saw and lamented this error. Under no circumstances will I consent to serve a second time.

HENRY CLAY declared the restriction to one term to be one of the leading objects of the Whig party, and WEBSTER approved and supported the plan, which was one of the planks of the Whig platform of 1844. CHARLES SUMNER once introduced such an amendment in the United States Senate. The evils of the eligibility to a second term are patent to all, and should be remedied by a constitutional amendment.

But as to the additional idea of lengthening the term to six years, there seems to be no such necessity. The reasons assigned will not bear close examination. MR. DEPEW'S guess, as to the loss to trade through the late campaign, will not bear searching examination. A Presidential campaign does not affect the appetites of the nation unfavorably, nor does it prevent clothing and other articles from wearing out. The same amount of every article is required to supply our needs, and if they are not bought at one time they are at another. A period of dullness in buying is always followed by a reaction which evens things up. The Presidential campaign may derange the regularity of commerce, but it can have no such effect as MR. DEPEW ascribes to it. As to the reluctance to enter upon new enterprises because the governmental policy is uncertain pending an election, the objection holds with as great force against a Congressional election, and to lengthen the Congressional term would be to render the law-making power still less responsive to changes in the popular will than at present.

The men who argue for a longer term on the plea that the campaigns derange business, must remember that all power proceeds from the people, and the shorter the term the more responsive the government is to their demands. One objection often made to the Senatorial term of six years is that it renders the Senators too independent of the people. Would not the same objection rest against a six-years' Presidential term?

The educational value of a national campaign is not to be despised. The people must not be left too long without being called upon to give their voice at the ballot-box, for it gives the machine politicians a longer time to compass their selfish ends. Four years is long enough for a President. With a six-years' term the campaigns would be even more heated than now, for the temptations of a six-years' lease of power would be much stronger than those of a four-years' term. It is a question if the great decrease of pressure, the relief of tension, consequent upon a reduction to two years instead of an extension to six, would not be the wiser step.

We would much sooner trust the wisdom of the Revolutionary fathers, who fixed the Presidential term at four years, than that of the men who drafted the Confederate constitution, which fixed the term of the President at six years. The people have just given their voice against the adoption of the free trade policy which was made a part of the rebel constitution, and we do not believe they are anxious to amend the federal constitution as to the President's term to accord with it.

Let us have a one-term amendment, but leave the period at four years.

GENERAL HARRISON will not be hampered by an adverse majority in either house of Congress. The Senate is Republican, and so is the House. He is not the man to take any steps backward in national policy. As to the course of himself and his party, the Boston *Journal* puts the case clearly and fully when it says:

> A prudent and progressive policy toward the two great national problems of the civil service and the tariff will enable the Republican party to go before the people four years hence so strong that no serious opposition can confront it. Its old adversaries are beaten, demoralized, despondent, and the Republican party has only to be true to its best traditions and alive to its great responsibilities to retain its control of national affairs for another quarter of a century.

IT is found that 7,502 perforated ballots were cast for CARLISLE. This is enough to defeat him if they are thrown out. The state law is absolutely mandatory that the ballots shall in no wise be distinctively marked, or be in any way distinguishable. The ballots in this case had been separated by perforating them, as postage stamps are, and the perforation marks enabled any one to tell the Democratic tickets. There is no doubt that MR. CARLISLE had a majority this time, whatever opinion we may have of his alleged election in 1886. The question is, shall these tickets, plainly violative of law, be thrown out?

CHANGING THE CALENDAR.

A correspondent of the BLADE at Topeka, Kansas, sends us a translation of an article on the alteration and unification of the calendar, from the Italian *Volapuk Journal*, published at Torino, Italy. It argues in favor of the change in the calendar now used by all civilized nations, which is being agitated by many scientific societies in different countries.

Steam and electricity have brought people into so much closer contact that they need simplicity and uniformity in all international affairs. The general postal and monetary convention have already suggested this necessity. During 1884 all nations sent delegates to the congress in Washington City, where the subject of a general standard of time was discussed.

The French Astronomical club last year instituted a competition as to amending the Gregorian calendar. The victor in this competition was MR. GASTON ARMELIN, whose plan, while making no radical changes, contains nevertheless some very excellent suggestions.

The important points of the proposed system are: the week of seven days, and a quarter of thirteen weeks, or 91 days; the first month of each quarter containing 31 days, the second and third months having 31 days each. Consequently a year would contain four times thirteen weeks of seven days each, or 364 days.

But as the duration of the year must equal an entire revolution of the earth around the sun, and as this revolution occurs in 365 and nearly one-quarter days, it will be necessary to interpolate one day yearly, between the last day of December and the first day of January.

With this system, all quarters and also all years will begin on the same day of the week. We will imagine, for instance, that the first day of the first quarter, containing exactly 91 days or thirteen weeks, the first day of April, July and October will occur also on Monday; January, April, July and October, each having 31 days; February, May, August and November would begin on Thvrsday, and finally March, June, September and December, each having 30 days, would begin on Saturday. The equality of the quarters being preserved by the yearly interpolation of one day, and two days every fourth year, the arrangement can be continued indefinitely.

THE OLD DOMINION REALLY REPUBLICAN.

A flood of light is thrown upon the political situation in Virginia by a letter in the Hartford *Courant*, from what that paper declares to be unimpeachable authority, concerning the campaign. The facts stated in the following extract from this letter are probably not generally known outside the state:

> This year the Republicans made their great fight in the white counties. In five districts they nominated ex-Confederate officers for Congress, and two of the districts are sons of Confederate soldiers. Of the thirty-one white counties in the great valley and in the Piedmont region twenty-nine show Republican gains; twenty-five are absolutely carried. The two gains in these thirteen counties wiped out Cleveland's majority of 1884 (8,003) in the 100 counties of the whole state. There is no loss on the electoral ticket in any district in the state until we come to the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth districts. All the black counties of those districts had maintained the record of 1884, Harrison would have had a majority of more than 8,000 in Virginia.
>
> Gen. James A. Walker, successor of Stonewall Jackson in the command of the famous Stonewall brigade, came out for Harrison. The Republican nominee for Congress in the Seventh district was Gen. John E. Roller, a staff officer of Gen. Early. J. D. Blankwell, wounded and taken prisoner as a member of Pickett's command in the famous Gettysburg charge, was the Republican candidate in the Danville district. He was for a time private secretary of Kemper, the last governor. Col. P. H. McCaull in the Sixth district, Bayley Browne in the First district, and Henry Bowen in the Ninth district, were Confederate soldiers. Two other Republican candidates for Congress, Yost and Waddill, were sons of Confederate soldiers.
>
> So much for the situation. The letter then goes on to specify a number of frauds in the count of votes, made by the Democrats, in order to hold the electoral vote of the state for CLEVELAND. In Norfolk county, on the night of election, the public statements of precinct officers showed that HARRISON had 1,800 majority; but the county canvassing board adjourned without signing the returns, palpably in order to allow of their manipulation. Charlotte county has 1,500 Republican majority, yet the returns make it give CLEVELAND 1,000. The change made in this one county by manipulation exceeds the total majority claimed for CLEVELAND in the entire state. Changes were made in the returns from every county in one district, in order to defeat YOST, the Republican Congressional candidate, thus lessening HARRISON'S vote on the face of the returns. And the summary of the returns, made up from the declarations of precinct officers on the night of election, showed that HARRISON had a clear plurality in the state.
>
> If the courts of the state are not hopelessly in the hands of reactionaries who will stop at no fraud to compass their ends, the returns will be corrected. Competent counsel have been employed, and legal proceedings will be brought to compel the signing of returns which are withheld, and the correction of altered returns. The state law provides the methods for doing these things, and if there is any justice remaining in Virginia the proper corrections will be made and that state will be placed in the Republican column, where there is no doubt but that she rightfully belongs.

THE NORTHWEST.

There were many good Republicans who became uneasy at the continual repetition, by the free trade organs, of the assertion that the Northwest was going to show a "revolution" in favor of CLEVELAND'S free trade policy. The falsehood was so persistently kept up that people began to fear it might be so. But compare BLAINE'S majority in these states in 1883 with HARRISON'S this year:

	Harrison's Maj. 1888.	Blaine's Maj. 1884.
Michigan	22,000	3,868
Illinois	21,000	24,827
Wisconsin	19,000	14,608
Iowa	31,600	19,796
Minnesota	29,000	41,620
Majorities	122,000	84,249

It is possible that the majorities for 1888 may exceed the estimates in this table, too. However, they are comical reading now as we recall how, a few weeks ago, we were all confidently informed by the Cleveland organs and their excitable correspondents and prophets that a great Democratic "uprising" was going on in that region.

WE agree most heartily in the opinion voiced in many quarters that HON. WM. MCKINLEY is the logical candidate of the Republicans for Speaker of the next House. He is recognized as the leader of the protectionist forces. He was the chairman of the committee on resolutions at the Chicago convention, and he was largely instrumental in making the platform on which the victory was won. He is talented, an excellent parliamentarian, cool-headed, and possesses all the qualities needed in a first-class presidig officer. MCKINLEY for Speaker, by all means.

ROGER Q. MILLS, of Texas, chairman of the Ways and Means committee of the present House, and the putative author of the dead and d—d Mills bill, made an extensive stumping tour for free trade and CLEVELAND all over the North. Wherever he spoke the Republicans made heavy gains. Had he made three instead of but two speeches in Connecticut that state would, without doubt, have given her electoral vote to HARRISON.

IT now appears that the postoffice deficit for the last fiscal year will be upwards of five million dollars; and, owing to the blundering incapacity of the management of the department, the service was never more unsatisfactory.

THE "SOUTHERN QUESTION."

The political revolution which has placed the national executive and Congress in the hands of the Republican party has suddenly brought the Southern question to the front in national affairs. This is largely because the Southern press has begun agitating the matter. The discussions in the papers of that section are not as to the probable policy of the new administration as a whole, but "what will it do toward the South?"

To any unbiased observer, such a discussion is the height of absurdity. There is but one answer to the question put by the Southern press, and it is this: The Republican administration will know no sectionalism. The policy it will pursue toward Mississippi, or Georgia, or South Carolina, will be identical with its policy toward Ohio, and Iowa, and New York. It will be the same for all the states. No state will be favored, and no state will be injured.

What would be thought if the press of this state, for instance, were to soberly ask the question what the policy of HARRISON'S administration will be toward Ohio? The limitations of federal power, and of the reserved rights of the states, are well known. There is no more reason to suppose that there will be any attempt to usurp the latter with regard to any Southern state than there is fear of the same thing in any Northern, or Eastern, or Western state. It will be a national administration. It will treat every state the same as every other state. Its rule of action within the well-defined limits of its power will be the same all over the Union. The United States is a nation, and no member of it has any rights or privileges not shared by every other.

What is the "Southern question," then?

Simply the fact that the whites fear the supremacy of the negro politically. Hence the practical suppression of the colored vote, which is acknowledged by Southern Democrats themselves. The plain fact seems to be that the negroes are in a condition of moral duress. In very many sections the mass of them do not attempt to vote. They find, all things considered, that they get along better with their white neighbors by ignoring their own right to the ballot. This moral restraint is supplemented by election laws framed to make it difficult for them to vote, and in some states by a white supervision of the count of ballots, which effectually precludes the possibility of the negroes, where they are in a majority, obtaining power.

Now all this has the result of practically nullifying the fifteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States, which provides as follows:

> SECTION 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.
>
> SEC. 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

The disquiet of our Southern brother, then, stated plainly, is simply the uneasiness of the violator of law, when a new executive, one who is not believed to feel disposed to shield him, steps into power instead of an official who is not disposed to interfere with his violation.

That is the legal aspect of the case. Now let us look at it from the Southern standpoint. Several of the states which a few years ago were in rebellion have now a majority of colored voters, and in all the negro vote is very large, and its proportion is continually increasing—because the colored population increases more rapidly than the white. An absolutely free ballot, with elections wherein every citizen, white or black, is as free as he is in Ohio to vote as he chooses, and where the votes are honestly counted and returned, would mean negro domination. The local offices—city, county and state—would be filled by the candidates of the colored men.

The contention of our Southern brethren is, that such domination would be unbearable—that the offices would be filled by demagogues, by thieves, by incompetents; that the state, county and city treasuries would become the prey of rascals who could control the colored vote taxation would be enormously increased, the revenue be squandered, and the progress of the commonwealths under such rule be impeded.

To this is added a natural repugnance to being ruled by what is regarded as an inferior race, one from which the stigma of servitude is not yet removed. The plea is that self preservation is the highest law, and that control by the whites is a necessity.

There is a basis of truth in all this. We are not disposed, in the least, to underestimate the grave difficulties of the situation in the South. The supremacy of an ignorant voting majority, led by self-seeking demagogues, is a calamity anywhere, North or South, East or West.

But we contend that the methods employed by the South are wrong. They give to the dominant party in the states which employ them a political power in the Senate and House of Representatives to which it is not entitled. It has resulted in a political combination between the white Democrats in the South and the Democratic party in the North which has for years controlled the House of Representatives, and which in 1884 obtained control of the Presidency itself.

The method is wrong and must be abandoned. The Southern states must not be allowed political privileges which no other state dreams of attempting to assume.

The whites are in full control of all these states. Let them use the power they have in the enactment of new election laws, restricting the suffrage. This can not be done "because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude," but it can be done so as to exclude the ignorant masses from voting, whether they be white or black. Then see that every man entitled to vote under that law has a free ballot and an honest count. Or, if this is not advisable, let the Southern Congressmen unite in an amendment to the federal constitution that the South will observe, to take the place of the nullified Fifteenth Amendment, and urge its passage by Congress and its adoption by the states.

We assure our Southern friends that any step they may take looking to an honest and fair effort to solve the "Southern question" in a spirit of justice to all, will meet with a candid and hearty response from the Republican party of the North.

Let them dismiss forever all fears of bayonet rule, or a return to the miseries of carpet-bag government. The new administration will not resort to measures shown to be impracticable. They will find, in the end, that President HARRISON is not their enemy, and that any solution they may propose for the present order of things, which is impracticable of further continuance, will be considered with a due regard for the complexity of the problem and the magnitude of the interests involved.

Let the South take the initiative. She is doing political injustice to the remainder of the Union. Let her take steps to change this policy, and the internal affairs of the Southern states will not be meddled with by the administration.

THERE is a growing Republican sentiment among the white people of the South that only needs encouragement from the North to break the Bourbon control. That encouragement General HARRISON'S administration will be in a position to give. The days of carpet-bagging are over; but the day of Southern Republicanism, drawing its support from men of Southern birth and associations, is apparently drawing near.

KANSAS gave HARRISON 82,000 plurality. Three cheers and a tiger for the Prairie State!

THE BLADE'S NEW OFFER.

A Chance to Make One Hundred Dollars.

There are among the thousands who read the BLADE a great many who have keenly watched the past campaign, and with unerring eye have read the signs of the times. They believed that HARRISON was to be elected President, and they said so. Their political sagacity made them winners. Now their attention is directed to the new administration, and the first point of interest is President HARRISON'S Cabinet.

In order that the BLADE readers may have a chance to further show their judgment in political matters, we have decided to offer

A Cash Prize of One Hundred Dollars

to the regular subscribers of the BLADE who will, between now and the first of March next, guess the Cabinet to be appointed by President HARRISON.

Every regular subscriber is entitled to a chance at this prize, provided that he send us with his guess, the name of one new yearly subscriber, with one dollar. Mind this does not mean that when your subscription expires you can send a dollar, renew your subscription, and be entitled to a guess for the hundred dollars. You must already be a subscriber, and must send us one new subscriber at the regular rate. Then you will be entitled to make your guess.

In case two or more should give the correct Cabinet, the hundred dollars will be evenly divided.

In making your guess, send the name of the new subscriber and his money and on a separate sheet of paper the names you think will constitute the new Cabinet. For instance, let your letter read thus:

> EDITOR BLADE:—Enclosed find one dollar, for which please send Weekly BLADE one year to ——— (giving full postoffice address), a new subscriber, which entitles me to a guess as to the HARRISON cabinet.
>
> Then, on the other sheet, write:
>
> EDITOR BLADE:—I believe that President HARRISON'S cabinet will consist of
>
> Secretary of State—.....
> Secretary of the Treasury—.....
> Secretary of War—.....
> Secretary of the Navy—.....
> Secretary of the Interior—.....
> Postmaster General—.....
> Attorney General—.....
> Secretary of Agriculture—.....
>
> Sign your own name and address to *both* sheets.

Here is an opportunity the like of which we are sure has never before been offered our readers. We want them to take hold of this matter, and to aid them we will, in the future as in the past, give them through our columns a faithful reflex of the feeling in political as well as all other circles. Send in your guesses.

STEALING A SENATOR.

The Democrats in Delaware are trying desperately to steal an United States Senator. The legislature just elected is Republican on joint ballot. The state senate is Democratic, the house Republican. The Democratic scheme is to oust A. B. RICHARDSON, senator-elect from Kent county, and to give his seat to HENRY M. RIDGELEY, his defeated Democratic competior. This would make the legislature a tie on joint ballot and give the Democrats the seat in the United States Senate, through the Governor's appointment.

Of course RICHARDSON'S election was honest and fair, he having 133 majority; and if he is ousted it will be because he is a Republican, and to obtain the Senatorship. But the lower house is safely Republican, and if this precious bit of fine work is attempted by the Democrats, the Republicans may unseat one or more Democratic representatives, and so maintain their supremacy on joint ballot.

It is possible, however, that they would not resort to such tactics, but carry the case to the Senate itself. The Democratic scheme is, as mentioned above, to make the legislature a tie, and thus have the governor appoint; but the United States Senate would promptly declare the seat vacant. Theft won't win. The Senate is Republican, and will remain so.

MR. COLEMAN, the Republican Representative elected in Louisiana, is an ex-Confederate officer, and his support came from both the whites and the blacks. His white supporters included many ex-Confederate soldiers, who have joined the Republican party because they are protectionists, and because they believe protection is essential to the development of Southern industry. No attempt was made to swindle the voters of COLEMAN'S district, because the process of counting out the vote of the ex-Confederate soldiers would be a dangerous thing. They would not bear it as quietly as do the negro voters.

THE Sugar trust is going to have a hard time of it in New York. The state attorney general has brought suit against the leading members, on the ground that the incorporation has been forfeited by violating the act under which it was granted. He accuses it of exercising privileges and franchises not conferred on it by law, and proposes to compel it to vacate its charter and to annul its existence. He apparently intends to deal this odious trust its death-blow, if it can be done. The people are with him in this effort. Crush the trusts!

THE astronomers are already busily engaged in preparing to observe the total eclipse of the sun which will take place on New Year's day. The total phase will be observable over the western half of the United States, from Nebraska to the Pacific. Elaborate preparations are making for its observation at the great Lick observatory. Harvard university sends an observing party to California, with five telescopes.

THE official returns from the Fourth congressional district of Virginia shows that MAHONE'S candidate received only one-fourth of the number of votes cast for his Republican opponent, and that the two votes combined would have defeated the Democrat who has been declared elected. MAHONE could be a power for good in Virginia politics if he were not so eager to be a "boss."

THE returns of the year's corn crop, made to the Department of Agriculture, indicate a yield per acre quite as large as that of 1885, and larger than any other crop since that of 1880. The aggregate, grown on a larger area, will exceed that of any previous American product, being close to 2,000,000 bushels, or about 32 bushels per capita.

THE public debt of the United States averages only $15 per capita, and the state debts about $18, making a total public indebtedness in this country of $33 per head of population. The average in the great powers of Europe is about $100 per capita, and their burden is increasing, while ours is decreasing.

THE Atlanta *Constitution* raps WATTERSON over the knuckles thus:

> Of all men in America, Mr. Henry Watterson is responsible for the overthrow of the Democratic party, because of his imprudent and sensational treatment of the great tariff issue.

Now let our third-party brethren devote their energies to fighting Rum instead of the Republican party, and they will do more for Prohibition in four years than they can accomplish on their present line in twenty-five.

RELIGIOUS TEACHING IN SCHOOLS.

The question of religious teaching in the public schools is one which has been decided in the negative by the voice of the people generally, so far as any sectarianism is concerned; and wisely, since justice would demand that all denominations be placed upon the same basis, and there would soon develop a spirit of rivalry and intolerance that would be fatal to the best interests of the schools. There are few however, who would object to the inculcation of reverence for GOD and obedience to His law, which, interpreted aright, teaches the universal brotherhood of man.

At the meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of the state of New York last month at Syracuse some most interesting facts were presented in a report of the results embodied in an extensive correspondence with State superintendents of instruction with regard to the laws regarding religious instruction in the several states of the Union. An article in the current number of *Our Day* gives a summary of this report.

Out of 28 states and territories the statutes of which were examined, twelve have no law upon the subject at all; five prohibited sectarianism; in two morals and good behavior alone were insisted upon, and one, New Hampshire, provides for the election of religious teachers. New York forbids the exclusion of the Bible, but makes no provision for reading it during school hours; Iowa exacts that while the scriptures are not excluded no pupil shall be required to read it, should his parents wish otherwise, while Massachusetts, Minnesota and Rhode Island demand the teaching of piety as well as morality.

The emphasis of the law of Nevada in regard to the moral character of its teachers is the exacting of an iron-clad oath that they never have been connected with a duel and never will be so long as connected with the schools as instructors. West Virginia wants teachers "of good moral character and not addicted to drunkenness."

The committee making the report concluded that, with few exceptions, the public schools were accomplishing about the same for morals and religion that they had done in the past, but in view of the dissatisfaction of Roman Catholics and Lutherans upon the subject and the establishment of parochial schools, there should be more careful legislation upon the subject, and it recommended the reaffirmation of certain resolutions which the Synod passed the year before, which was concurred in by that body. The substance of these resolutions embodied this principle "that the Divine Existence and Human Accountability must be recognized as essential parts of public instruction for the welfare and perpetuity of a free state."

If religious instruction were confined to this general principle, with no sectarian bias, there would be, as said before, few objections. The difficulty would come in so framing a law as to draw the line so distinctly that it could not be mistaken.

CARTER HARRISON, ex-mayor of Chicago, who has just completed a trip around the world, received an elaborate public welcome on his return to his home in the Windy City, which demonstration was gotten up by a lot of local politicians in order to "boom" HARRISON for a renomination to the mayoralty next year. CARTER is one of the most unconscionable demagogues with which any city was ever cursed, and as a politician he is the antipodes of BENJAMIN HARRISON, who is a distant relative. To a reporter, CARTER HARRISON thus explained the degree of consanguinity:

> William Henry Harrison's father—the old general's father—was a brother of my great grandfather. The old Virginia and Kentucky way is to call ourselves cousins. The old general came to our house in Kentucky after he was elected President, and I remember that he explained how it was that I got my middle name, which is the same as his. It came from the family connection with Patrick Henry.
>
> General Harrison's daughter, Mrs. McKee, came to visit in Chicago on their wedding trip because they were cousins, and the general's nephews and nieces who live in Chicago are very often at our house. I don't say it in any boastful spirit, but there are many good points about the Harrisons. They will generally be found to have had the qualities of justice, honesty and integrity. Of course they all have their faults; a good many of them have lacked sense. General Harrison will give us a good administration. I knew he was a Harrison when I first saw him, and told him so—when I saw the pose of his head when he sat down.

IT does not follow, even if the order of Knights of Labor does go to pieces through internal dissensions, that the cause of organized labor will be checked. Men learn through failure and misfortune. Presently it will dawn upon the warring, hot-headed factions that all legislation, indeed all organization, must necessarily be of the nature of a compromise. The more radical must abate some of their claims, the conservatives must take a forward step, in order that all may unite on the safe middle ground. In union is strength, and this is the practical lesson the Knights seem to have failed to learn. With experience will come wisdom.

MR. CLEVELAND'S forthcoming message—his fourth and last—will be awaited with much curiosity. Word has already gone forth that it will take the same ground on the tariff as his famous message of last year. This was to be expected, of course, and the only point of interest is to note whether the "campaign of intellect" had any effect in educating Mr. CLEVELAND out of the exploded free trade sophisms he embodied in that document, such as "the consumer pays the duty," and others. The great point is whether he has any new arguments to offer in place of the disproved ones.

THE majority of the popular vote of these United States was for Cleveland and Thurman.—*Sacramento Enquirer.*

How do you know? There were hundreds of thousands of Republicans in the South who did not dare express their will at the ballot box, and even had they done so their votes would never have been permitted to appear in the "official" returns.

OWEN LOVEJOY, JR., the son of the distinguished abolitionist martyr, who was a candidate for Congress in Illinois on the Democratic free trade ticket, was defeated by over 5,000 votes. He would better have adhered to the faith of his father.

HARRISON carried New York state by 12,379 plurality. This is a small margin in a state that casts over a million votes, but it is several times larger than the beggarly 1,047 plurality by which CLEVELAND carried the state in 1884.

ONE of the things the

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE BLADE.

Brief Extracts From Letters From the Friends of the Weekly Blade.

RED BLUFF, CAL.—The politics of this (Tehama) county took a wider scope than was ever known before. The Democrats elected everything from assemblyman down, the Republicans electing only one supervisor.

We (the Republicans) say amen to the result, and promise them a warmer reception in the election of 1890. As far as the principal and deputies in this office (county clerk, auditor and recorder) are concerned, we are ever willing to forfeit our positions when we can put such a man as Benjamin Harrison in the chair to rule this mighty nation.

With kind wishes for success of the BLADE, the champion of the Republican cause, I am sincerely yours, T. M. ERY.

ANTHONY, KAN.—Permit me to express my entire approbation of the principles and policies you have so ably advocated and sustained, and extend to you hearty congratulations for the success of our ticket in one of the most remarkable campaigns in the history of our country. This is the thirteenth Presidential campaign that I have stood in the ranks, and, in my feeble way, fought against the Democratic party since arriving at manhood, and although feel somewhat bowed under the weight of years, yet I do not think for a moment of laying aside my armor or of stepping out of the ranks while to battle on for the cause of truth and right. I am a native-born Hoosier and rejoice most heartily in the election of Harrison and Morton.—FRANCIS M. WHITE.

CLARKSVILLE, TEXAS.—Please explain to us Texas Republicans why, in this great and glorious victory which has swept over our country in the interest of good government and the American people, that Romeis had to go down in that district? I am ashamed of my home people. I was born and raised in Lucas county and take pride in her well doing and I hate to see Democracy in the ascendency there. —H. S. SANDERSON.

[The four counties of this district are over 2,000 Democratic. Mr. Romeis's election in 1884 and 1886 over Frank Hurd was only rendered possible by a factional fight against Hurd in the Democratic ranks. This year Hurd relinquished his effort to get into Congress, and Haynes polled the votes of both Hurd and anti-Hurd men, and was elected by 1,168 plurality, or only about half the usual plurality. This reduction was due to the tariff issue. Lucas county gave Romeis 1,553 plurality.]

OSHKANY FALLS, N. Y.—I find the BLADE one of the ablest papers in its editorials, also in all its departments that took part in this important campaign. Hoping earnestly for continued and ever increasing success of the BLADE, because it is worthy of it, I am, truly yours.—L. H. W.

LEROY, ILLS.—The Republicans here recognize in the BLADE our greatest political teacher of them all in the past campaign. I know the BLADE has made Republican votes by its masterly teachings.—J. A. T.

THE TERMITE PEST.

Furniture Whole and Apparently Sound that Crumbles at a Touch.

The ravages of the so-called white ant, but more properly designated termite, can hardly be comprehended by those who have not seen the results of its labors. These are so disproportionate to the size and apparent powers of the insect that no one can be blamed for doubting, except upon the most positive evidence. It is for this reason, probably, that British officials in termite infested parts of the globe have been moved to send to the home government specimens of what the little insect can do.

At the South Kensington Museum of Natural History there are two notable examples of the destructive powers of the termite. One is the remains of a heavy, square, lintel of teak wood, taken from the doors of one of the government offices at Jamestown, St. Helena. The other is a piece of sheet lead, from Madras, which has been perforated by the insect. The latter is an extreme case, but the former is not a fair example of average destruction, although it gives a clear idea of what the insect is capable of. In this case the wood has been completely eaten away to the heart, leaving that like a skeleton. In many cases not even the skeleton is left.

I remember once, in the south of China, having occasion to move a huge hardwood chest filled with records, in the shape of books. I called two men to help me and lift the chest. They took it by its iron handles, and with one accord bent to it and lifted. It was like a signal for dissolution. It seemed as if force of habit along could have held the handles in their places, for the instant they were tugged at they came away, and the chest crumbled and fell to the floor a heap of dust and irregular, thread-like shreds of wood. The books then, as I examined, proved to have suffered in the same fashion.

Some of them crumbled on being taken up, and others remained so thoroughly riddled with holes as to be nothing better than a fragile network of paper. If the insect destroyed only at times during its varied existence it might be possible to guard against it better; but when it is considered that the larva, pupa and perfect insect it is alike and equally destructive, it will be understood what a pest it must be. Camphor is a shield against it, and camphor-wood chests are therefore used to keep valuable articles in, but even the genuine camphor wood is not always strong enough to keep away the ravenous thing, and it has to be re-enforced by plentiful supplies of the gum.

My first acquaintance with the insect, was made one night in the fall of the year at Canton, while dining with a merchant there. It was still warm enough to need the windows to be wide open and to have the huge fan or punks swinging steadily over the table. We were about half through with the soup when there came in through the windows such a swarm of the termites as soon filled every soup plate and every glass. They fell upon the table like hail, their wings, which they seemed to be losing, floating through the room and finding their way to our most unwilling mouths, in spite of every effort to avoid them. The windows were shut and the table cleared, and we went on with our meal, sweltering in order that we might eat. These termites, which so bothered us, were the males and females out on their courting tour, and well it is that they were so easily destroyed; for if more than the very smallest percentage of the females were to live, the whole world would hardly be large enough to contain their progeny.

Dan Tells a Story.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Sire," said Dan, seeing that the President was dejected and absent-minded, "Did your Highness see this amusing story in the New York paper about the little boy in church who placed a nickel in the contribution box to which he had fastened a rubber string?"

"No, Dan."

"It is really very funny, sire. He had the other end of the string fastened up his sleeve and the deacon was astonished to see the coin fly out of the plate before he left the pew." And Dan laughed heartily.

"Dan," said the President, with a melancholy smile, "I wish I had seen that story before I gave my check for $10,000."

And the sympathetic winds of autumn sweet through the deserted corridors of the White House.

Two Ohio Men.

Chicago Mail.

In 1880 James A. Garfield was a delegate to the National Republican convention that met in this city. So was Benjamin Harrison. When somebody cast one ballot for James A. Garfield for President, Benjamin Harrison walked over to the Ohio delegation and shook Mr. Garfield's hand. On another ballot somebody voted for Benjamin Harrison for President, and James A. Garfield walked over to the Indiana delegation and shook Mr. Harrison's hand.

A Springfield Joke.

"I tell you the Clark county jail is not conducted as it should be," said a man yesterday, who was recently released, after serving a short sentence. "All the prisoners wanted buckwheat cakes for breakfast, but the turnkey said 'no.'"

"What reason did he assign?" said I.

"Way, he said he was afraid to feed the prisoners on buckwheat cakes for fear they would break out."

And then the funny convict made a sudden skip around the corner.—*Springfield Sunday News.*

Sad Case of Mental Incapacity.

Anxious mother—Why, my daughter, in tears! What has happened?

Married daughter—I—I got mad at Arthur this morning and said a lot of—of mean things, and then he said a lot of meaner ones and, boo hoo! I couldn't think of anything mean enough to say back, boo hoo, boo!—*Philadelphia Record.*

Didn't Understand Volapuk.

"Algernon," whispered Irene, as she gently ran her fingers through his ringlets, "do you understand Volapuk?"

"No, my sweet one," replied Algernon, removing his eyes from the crackling grate fire and gazing into her heavenly orbs, "why do you ask?"

"It is said in the paper this evening that 'Kelly swiped the leather on the neck for a two bagger, and after that the home team had a pudden.'"—*Peck's Sun.*

Quick, certain cure for Seminal Weakness. Address Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, Ohio.

TO STEAL THE HOUSE.

THE SCHEME OF GORMAN ET AL.

Autocratic Powers Conferred on the Holding-over Clerk of the House that Need Prompt Revision.

New York Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—A widely spread opinion prevails in Washington to-night that an attempt is contemplated to steal the organization of the next House of Representatives for the Democratic party by means of the extraordinary and irresponsible powers which existing laws repose in the clerk of the House. Section 31 of the Revised Statutes provides as follows:

Before the first meeting of each Congress the clerk of the next preceding House of Representatives shall make a roll of the Representatives-elect, and place thereon the names of those persons, and of such persons only, whose credentials show that they were regularly elected in accordance with the laws of their states respectively, or the laws of the United States.

The peculiar wording of this section has more than once been construed by a Democratic clerk as constituting him the sole judge whether a member has been "regularly elected," according to the laws of his own state or of the United States. The option presumed to be thus given has been taken advantage of to a limited extent in past Congresses, but never in so sweeping a manner as is now said to be in contemplation by the present holding-over clerk, John B. Clark, of Missouri.

In the Forty-fifth congress Clerk George M. Adams disregarded the certificate which Governor Murray, of Utah, had issued in favor of Allen G. Campbell, the "Gentile" candidate for delegate from that territory, on the ground that he was the only citizen of the United States who had been voted for for Congress, and of his own motion placed on the rolls the Mormon candidate, George Q. Cannon, whom the courts of Utah had decided to be an unnaturalized Englishman. Delegates from territories, of course, have no vote in the organization of the house, but the precedent thus established by a Democratic clerk attracted some attention at the time, and the *Tribune*, among other journals, pointed out that if the holding-over clerk, who was responsible to no one, who could not be impeached, because, except for this one purpose of organizing the next house, he was "functus officio," who could not be controlled by the house because it was not yet organized, nor as far as known by the courts, because the house is made the sole judge of its own membership—that if this defunct officer could exercise such authority in the case of a delegate, he could as well do it in the case of a member, if the perpetuation in power of himself and his party depended upon his action.

This is just what it is charged that Clerk Clark is now attempting to do. The tabulated statements of members believed to have been "regularly elected," according to official information received, which the only Washington morning newspaper has been publishing for the last few days, and which shows a small probable Democratic majority, are understood to have been furnished by the holding-over clerk of the present Congress. The intent to steal a Democratic majority is evidently present in the figures given out. Whether the Democrats in the desperation of their defeat will have nerve enough to endeavor to put the scheme into execution remains to be seen. In any case, the dangerous autocratic powers conferred by existing law upon the holding-over clerk of the House of Representatives would seem to require instant revision.

DECIDED BY A DINNER PARTY.

Mr. Depew's Story About the Selection of Gen. Harrison for President.

Chauncey M. Depew is authority for the statement that Gen. Benjamin Harrison owes his elevation to the Presidency of the United States primarily to the effects of a dinner party. Many persons have heard of the dinner given by Mr. Depew to the New York delegation after his withdrawal from the Presidential contest, on the second day of the convention. But the effects of that dinner have not been made public until Mr. Depew told of it to-day.

"After the first day's balloting," said Mr. Depew, "it was apparent that the West was so much opposed to the candidacy of a railroad president that there was no show for me; so I determined to withdraw. Then the important question was: Whom should the New York delegation support. Their preferences were numerous. Some insisted on voting for Blaine till the end, and others wanted to back for Sherman, Gresham and the other candidates. As chairman of the delegation I called a conference of the four delegates at large, who, of course, controlled in a measure the course of the delegation. We met, Senator Hiscock, Thomas C. Platt, Warner Miller and myself. I spoke first, and proposed that Benjamin Harrison should be supported, as he was the most available man on account of his record as a soldier, his record in the United States Senate, and, I confess, I urged his adoption by us on the sentimental ground that he was the grandson of old Tippecanoe. But the other delegates at large did not look at matters through my spectacles. Mr. Platt favored another man Senator Hiscock had a different choice, and Warner Miller wanted a third man. Still we were all willing to surrender our preferences in favor of the others for the good of the party. No, I won't tell you the preferences of the other delegates. I only say that I alone favored Harrison. A long discussion ensued. I did my share of the talking, you may be sure, and the result of the discussion was that the four of us agreed on Harrison. Then I called a meeting of the whole New York delegation. All were present. I told them of the action of the delegates at large and asked their opinions. Fifty-eight agreed with us and 24 differed. No amount of persuasion could convince them that Harrison was the man to win.

"There was a snag of large size. New York wanted the honor of naming the president; still it could not be the deciding factor in the convention unless, after my withdrawal, it would go solidly for some other candidate.

"What did I do? Well, I thought the matter over for an hour and then invited the delegation to dinner. I did not try to convince the restaurants. I simply gave them good things to eat and good drink to enlighten their understanding. And behold the result! By the time the dinner was ended every mother's son of them was shouting for Harrison. This result was due entirely to speeches by Senator Hiscock, Warner Miller, ex-Senator Platt and Senator Fassett, who, after the first conference, heartily supported Harrison. The rest is ancient history. New York voted for Harrison, and he was nominated by acclamation. The dinner solidified New York's vote. What's the matter with a good dinner as a political factor?" asked Mr. Depew, laughing heartily.—*Buffalo Commercial-Advertiser.*

A Reason For Doubt.

He—And you really love me, darling?
She—Why do you doubt me, dear?
He—Well, I saw you setting the clock an hour forward when I came in.

Common Sense.

In the treatment of slight ailments would save a vast amount of sickness and misery. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, will assist Digestion; taken at night, will relieve Constipation; taken at any time, will correct irregularities of the Stomach and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and cure Sick Headache. Ayer's Pills, as all know who use them, are a mild cathartic, pleasant to take, and always prompt and satisfactory in their results.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a

Cathartic

for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years, and have completely verified all that is claimed for them."—Thomas F. Adams, San Diego, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for seven or eight years. Whenever I have an attack of headache, to which I am very subject, I take a dose of Ayer's Pills and am always promptly relieved. I find them equally beneficial in colds; and, in my family, they are used for bilious complaints and other disturbances with such good effect that we rarely, if ever, have to call a physician."—H. Voullieme, Hotel Voullieme, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

AGENTS WANTED FOR MY NEW BOOK

CARLETON'S

Treasury of General Information.

A ONE VOLUME ENCYCLOPEDIA.

This wonderful book contains a fund of knowledge to be found in no other single volume. It contains over 6,000 references to the most important matters of interest in the world, and covers almost the entire field of learning.

TO AGENTS.—All cyclopedias and works of real valuable information are successful books to sell, but heretofore they have been in too many volumes and too costly for the general reader, but here in this *one volume cyclopedia the nail has been hit square on the head.* A ONE VOLUME "TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE," at a low price, within the reach of all; a book that every person will seize with avidity and exclaim AT LAST THIS IS THE VERY BOOK I WANT! One canvasser has sold over 1,700 copies! Everybody will buy it. Many of my agents are making $50 per week. *It is the easiest book to sell ever known.* A NEW EDITION with 160 pages of additional matter, and the *price reduced* from $3.50 to $2.00. I want 1,000 earnest, working agents. For *extra terms* and full particulars, address,

G. W. DILLINGHAM, Publisher, New York.

EIGHTEEN.

A fair young maiden waiting stands,
With thoughtful look and folded hands,
And wonders if she understands.

Within her room a soft light glows
With half shut eyes and turns to rose,
A dial which some secret knows.

She sees her roses' lips apart—
She clasps them with a sudden start
And holds them to her beating heart.

Again she stands with steady gaze,
And counts the precious sunny days,
And all her heart is filled with praise.

She looks far back through cloudland's gleams,
O'er running brooks and placid streams,
To where her childhood sweetly dreams.

A ring upon her hand she slips,
Some thought is trembling on her lips,
It thrills her to her finger tips.

She wonders if a woman's breast,
So truly and so sweetly blest,
Is always filled with strange unrest.

Her mother comes to bless her child,
She holds her by her love beguiled,
And love itself is reconciled.

To live, and love—this is our part
To kindle in some heart of heart
Something that is our counterpart.

Some angel wrote this down above,
His pen from some fair heavenly dove
Was dipped in that great sea of love.

HOW THEY LOOK.

A Glimpse at the Pretty Darlings in the Harem.

Through the kindness of the wife of the court physician of Sultan Abdel Aziz, I had a short audience with several of the ladies of the royal harem, and in particular with the then reigning favorite. Her name was really Nazip Hanum, but being one of the seven week ladies, as they are called, she was known as Pazar Gunuh Hanum, or Lady Monday. The seven prime favorites out of all the women are called Lady Monday, Lady Tuesday, &c., and Monday is the first. Their Monday is on Saturday. This sultana was about sixteen years old and had been his wife about two years and was still the "has cadine Hanum," or first lady and favorite. She was about five feet, six inches in height, and had dark bronze-colored hair, rather long features and high forehead, and most beautiful large eyes of clear greenish gray, with thick, long, curling lashes. She was not stout nor slender, and had regular baby hands and feet. Her teeth were the whitest and evenest I ever saw, and she had a dimple in each cheek and in her chin, at her wrists, and every finger and toe was dimpled. Her complexion was an artful blending of red and white, and her eyebrows were darkened, and there was at the corners of her mouth the drollest little expression of mockery that I ever saw.

She wore long, full pantaloons of bright yellow satin, with a shalva of purple silk trimmed around the long separate breadths with red ribbon quilted on. Around her waist a cashmere shawl was twisted, making a thick, ungainly yet graceful velvet jacket, bordered with gold and coral beads was buttoned tight at the bottom with diamond buttons and cut out pompadour fashion in front in a manner to leave the entire bust completely exposed, while it was high in the back. There were short sleeves. A Russia silk gauze pembezar or chemise with long sleeves was worn under the jacket, so that the bust was adorned with a transparent film. The neck and wrists were loaded with jewelry, a cheap pinchbeck set having as much prominence as the diamond and emerald parures. Her hair was braided in hundreds of little strands and hung down her back, while she wore a fillet of green and gold braid around her head. She wore no stockings and her pretty pink toes were sometimes thrust into the scarlet gold embroidered slippers and sometimes left bare as she reclined on a divan and smoked her cigarette.

She wanted her shoulder scratched and told a slave to do it. I thought that was being pretty lazy, but pretty women can do anything and we only look on and think everything is an added grace. It wouldn't do for ugly folks to do the same thing.

Queen Marguerite of Italy is a lovely woman and as good and amiable as she is beautiful. No one looks so fair as she at the court balls or the theater when she wears her robes of state, and then decked with her pearls and flashing gems she is truly an idealqueen. —*Olive Harvier in New York Graphic.*

COLD WEATHER RULES.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

After exercise of any kind, never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion and other diseases.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

STOLEN FROM THE UNKNOWN.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

No amount of church attendance or long prayers or psalm singing can make up for a neglected home.

Luxurious climates produce faint-hearted, feeble men. Luxurious homes send forth delicate men and women, but rarely heroes.

Mr. Edison, the famous inventor, is said to be immensely pleased with his new baby. He is now at work on an ingenious electric apparatus which will carry a baby's squalt noiselessly off and drop it a mile or two from the house.

A Kansas widow paid $56 for a lightning rod which was also warranted to preserve the house against cyclones. When she got her eyes open and sought to arrest the swindler, he was selling a Kansas man a wind-mill warranted also to keep off malaria.

Why He Was in Mourning.

She—I notice that you are in mourning, Mr. Jones. Have you met with a recent bereavement?

He—Yes; I have just lost a sister.

She—A sister! I was not aware that you had a sister.

He—Not a sister by blood, but a young lady who said she would always be a sister to me, though, to tell the truth, I haven't seen her since the night she said so.

She—Oh! I see.

And the subject is dropped like a hot cake.—*Boston Courier.*

PAST ALL PRECEDENT!

Over Two Millions Distributed.

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place monthly on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
JUBAL A. EARLY,
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

MAMMOTH DRAWING

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, December 18, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $600,000

100,000 Tickets at $10; Halves $5; Quarters $2.50; Eighths $1.25; Twentieths $1; Fortieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$600,000 is	$ 600,000
1 PRIZE OF	200,000 is	200,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
2 PRIZES OF	25,000 are	50,000
5 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	50,000
12 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	60,000
25 PRIZES OF	2,000 are	50,000
100 PRIZES OF	800 are	80,000
200 PRIZES OF	400 are	80,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of	$1,000 are	$100,000
100 Prizes of	800 are	80,000
100 Prizes of	400 are	40,000
THREE NUMBER TERMINALS.		
99 Prizes of	$800 are	$79,200
99 Prizes of	400 are	39,600
TWO NUMBER TERMINALS.		
900 Prizes of	$200 are	$180,000
900 Prizes of	$200 are	180,000
3,146 Prizes amounting to		$2,418,800

For CLUB RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

"REMEMBER, also, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes."

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—10 very beautiful Xmas Cards, no two alike, by mail, for 25c. They will please you. NEW ENGLAND NOVELTY MF'G CO., 24 Portland st., Boston, Mass.

$1,000 given away. Send address and receive an elegant Rolled Gold Ring free. Allen & Co., Sandusky, O.

24 GOLD FRINGED CARDS with name on, in elegant gold case, 10c. ACME CARD CO., Sandusky, Ohio.

Fill Your Own TEETH with Crystaline. Stops Pain and Decay. Lasts a lifetime. Circular free. T. F. TRUMAN, M.D., Wells Bridge, N.Y.

STRINGS BEST IN THE WORLD for Violin, Banjo and Guitar. 10 for $1, 4 for 50c. Send 15c. for sample. PERRY W. WAITE & CO., Toledo, O.

Thought They Came Together.

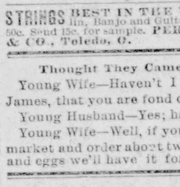
Young Wife—Haven't I heard you say James, that you are fond of ham?

Young Husband—Yes; ham and eggs.

Young Wife—Well, if you will stop at the market and order about two pounds of ham and eggs we'll have it for dinner.—*Judge.*

Publishers' Column.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $6.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD

We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $4.50. Two atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of four subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their houses cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

STATESMEN HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and we certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

Frank Leslie's

POPULAR MONTHLY

FOR 1889

Subscribers and advertisers are asked to read this frank and condensed statement of Facts:

ARTICLE of merit always commends itself, and a living proof of this fact is found in the steady increase in the circulation of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY; no sudden flash, but a steady flame has made it a welcome and regular visitor in over 100,000 American homes, or to more than 500,000 readers monthly.

It is the most popular American Magazine in the homes of the great masses.

ECAUSE the POPULAR MONTHLY contains 128 large octavo pages, nearly twice the matter of similar publications, and is not only the best, but by far the cheapest, of any of the magazines for the people.

Because each issue contains a full-page picture in colors, the series of twelve forming for the year a beautiful collection of gems of modern art.

Because you can get it for **$3.00** per year, or **25** cents per copy.

ONCLUDING this short and easy-told story, the POPULAR MONTHLY has proven a joy to the hundred thousand homes it regularly visits and is without exception the most profitable advertising medium for any worthy article of home consumption.

SUBSCRIBERS send 15 cents for a specimen copy.

ADVERTISERS send a postal card for rates.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher
53, 55, & 57 PARK PLACE, N. Y.

$1000 for a Husband! The above sum in cash and goods will be paid to the first man and woman who send 25c. for sample of our goods, and tell us correctly where in the Bible is the word "HUSBAND" first found. Mention book and verse. The first person who sends the correct answer will receive $500 CASH, the second $50, the third $25, the fourth $15, the fifth $10, and to the next 195, if there are as many, a SOLID GOLD PLATE Half Round WEDDING RING. We want new agents, and for 50 cents will send a SEVEN HUNDRED PAGE DICTIONARY of Useful Information, and a year's subscription to a first-class literary paper. Last year we paid $20,000 for advertising, and we wish to try the effect of a new method. LOSE NO TIME if you would secure one of the Cash Payments, as all answers must be sent in before Feb. 1st, 1889, when the money will be paid. Send 25c. in stamps, postal note, or silver. Mention this paper. Address at once WORLD MANUFG. CO., 122 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$1,000 CASH FOR THE BEST GUESS!!

$10,000 in Cash to be Given FREE to Subscribers.

A quart of yellow corn has been put into one of Mason's quart jars, and sealed. The measure is the ordinary quart measure, and no more. The jar is now in the vaults of a New York safe deposit company, and cannot be opened or counted until the expiration of this contest, Feb. 1st, 1889.

The following 4,389 Presents will then be given to the 4,389 persons making the best guesses as to the number of kernels of corn the jar contains.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

1 Present to the person guessing the correct number of kernels,					$1,000
1	"	"	nearest the correct number,		750
1	"	"	making the next best guess,		500
1	"	"	"		250
5 Presents to the 5 persons making the next best guess,				$100 each,	500
10	"	10	"	50	500
10	"	20	"	25	500
50	"	50	"	10	500
100	"	100	"	5	500
200	"	200	"	2.50	500
500	"	500	"	1	1,000
3,500	"	8,000	"		3,500
4,389 Presents,				Amounting to	$10,000

CONDITIONS: No guess will be received and recorded except from a person who becomes a subscriber to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE, and sends FIFTY CENTS for a six months' trial subscription. The 50 cents is the regular subscription price for the magazine, which we believe will be so interesting that you will become a permanent subscriber. The Jar will be opened, and kernels of corn counted and Presents awarded on the first business day after the expiration of this contest, FEBRUARY 1st, 1889. Should any two persons guess the correct number, the one guessing nearest will receive a present of $1,000. Should two or more persons guess the actual number, each will receive a present of $1,000. In case of a tie, those who desire to form clubs among their friends, we will send six subscriptions for $2.50—twelve for $5—twenty-five for $10—fifty for $20. Each subscription to be accompanied with the guess in regard to the corn. This offer is made to introduce the merits of our advertising and making known one of the most popular publications of the day, THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE, and is replete with the choicest literature of the day, and contains articles of value and interest from the most noted authors. It is finely illustrated, of a high moral tone, and the proprietors are determined and propose to spend a large sum of money in order to place it in 100,000 American homes. As to our reliability we refer to Dun, Bradstreet & Co., Mercantile Agencies, 20 Park Row, N. Y.; Jones, R. Stilwell & Co., Bankers, 120 Broadway, N. Y.; Rogers & Co., Bankers, 129 Pearl street, Boston, or any commercial agency throughout the United States.

Address in full, plainly, those who desire to form clubs among their friends, we will send six subscriptions for $2.50—twelve for $5—twenty-five for $10—fifty for $20. Each subscription to be accompanied with the guess in regard to the corn. This offer is made to introduce the merits of our advertising and making known one of the most popular publications of the day, THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE, and is replete with the choicest literature of the day, and contains articles of value and interest from the most noted authors. It is finely illustrated, of a high moral tone, and the proprietors are determined and propose to spend a large sum of money in order to place it in 100,000 American homes. As to our reliability we refer to Dun, Bradstreet & Co., Mercantile Agencies, 20 Park Row, N. Y.; Jones, R. Stilwell & Co., Bankers, 120 Broadway, N. Y.; Rogers & Co., Bankers, 129 Pearl street, Boston, or any commercial agency throughout the United States.

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TO CLUB RAISERS. Those who desire to form clubs among their friends, we will send six subscriptions for $2.50—twelve for $5—twenty-five for $10—fifty for $20. Each subscription to be accompanied with the guess in regard to the corn. This offer is made to introduce the merits of our advertising and making known one of the most popular publications of the day, THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE, and is replete with the choicest literature of the day, and contains articles of value and interest from the most noted authors. It is finely illustrated, of a high moral tone, and the proprietors are determined and propose to spend a large sum of money in order to place it in 100,000 American homes. As to our reliability we refer to Dun, Bradstreet & Co., Mercantile Agencies, 20 Park Row, N. Y.; Jones, R. Stilwell & Co., Bankers, 120 Broadway, N. Y.; Rogers & Co., Bankers, 129 Pearl street, Boston, or any commercial agency throughout the United States.

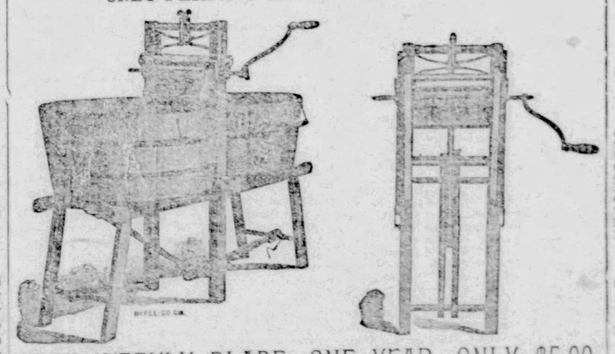
Money may be sent by postal note, money order or registered letter. Stamps in amounts less than $1.00.

Address: *WASHINGTON & CO., Publishers, 9 Murray St., New York.*

CUT THIS OUT AND SHOW IT TO YOUR FRIENDS. IT MAY NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

THE BLADE PERFECTION BENCH WRINGER.

ONLY PERFECT BENCH WRINGER MADE.



WITH WEEKLY BLADE, ONE YEAR, ONLY $5.00.

The BLADE has just contracted with one of the largest manufacturers in the United States for several thousand of the best Bench Clothes Wringers ever made, for the readers and subscribers of the TOLEDO BLADE. These Wringers are to be made of the best known material, Cog cast friction rollers, shaft constructed under the latest and best known patents. As stated above, It is the only PERFECT BENCH WRINGER known, and we believe it to be the best wringer of the kind in the world, else we would not so strongly recommend it. This Wringer has retailed at $12.00. It now retails for $7.00, but in contracting for large quantities we shall be able to sell them at a close figure, and can furnish them to our readers as a premium for

With WEEKLY BLADE, One Year, Only $5.00.

These Wringers have double steel bow springs, hard wood, all metal parts, thoroughly galvanized, well made and nicely finished; it is guaranteed a perfect machine. We warrant every machine to be as represented.

The rolls are white rubber, vulcanized on the shaft, and are the best made.

The water from wringing can be made to flow into either tub instantly.

The only wringer that always wrings right-handed, as the crank can be attached to either side.

The strongest and firmest bench.

The bench and Wringer are combined.

The closest fold of any bench wringer made.

The operator can wring a handkerchief or quilt without readjusting.

The extra long crank with cogs, turns one-half easier than geared machines generally.

The wringing can be done from one tub to the other without changing.

The tubs are not liable to be injured or upset.

We crate them nicely and ship by freight to any part of the United States. The purchaser pays his own freight, but as the weight is not to exceed 25 or 30 pounds the freight charges will be a small item. Address

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

**THE BLADE

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

IN UNION IS STRENGTH.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

In Union is strength is a conviction which it has taken long centuries to bring to women, although men have acted upon it from time immemorial. Everything of good accomplished for her sex has been by single individual effort, half of the effect of which was lost by diffusion. Ten women working here and there toward one purpose may do much, for it is certain that nothing done with unselfish motives for the benefit of humanity is ever lost, but ten women concentrating thought, exchanging ideas, and all looking for the best and surest way as well as the quickest to bring about some desired change, will find the safe road thither in a tithe of the time. In the great awakening of women to a knowledge of the power resting in their hands this truth has not until recently dawned upon them, or it upon some one its light was shed, the difficulties in the road seemed so absolutely insurmountable that little was done in that direction. Treasures of work and energy have failed to have their full significance in the world's march of progress simply from lack of organization.

Women have been waking up to this truth recently, and within the last few years the change has been great. They see that the influence counted so potent in the home, in the church, and in society, singly, exerted, or what is next to that, combined and wisely directed, would have a resistless energy of accomplishment. They see how men have carried through the most stupendous enterprises, revolutionized public sentiment and inaugurated the greatest reforms, through organized effort. As a result of this seeing has come the great gatherings during the past year or two of the best and wisest of the women of America in council, and, to crown all, the International Council which met in Washington last spring.

What women most require is to have faith in themselves and in their ability to direct great movements. It has taken many generations to bring them to the consctousness of what power for the uplifting of humanity lies in their hands. During the war what may be called the universal motherhood of woman came strongly to the front, organized and directed by such women as Mary A. Livermore, proving to men, and what was of far more importance, to themselves, what they could do. Steadily from that time confidence in the value of woman's work as a factor in the world's movement forward has been growing, until now, what is called by the thoughtful and observant of both sexes, the Woman's Era, has come.

I wonder how many of the readers of the BLADE are aware of how much has been done in the direction of organization within the last year. First, in Washington at the International Congress, a National Council of Women was formed to meet yearly. Those eligible to this council are the leaders in the great work of good for humanity, and the heads of every society in the nation, the nature of whose work is national in character or value. Its general declaration is this:

We women, sincerely believing that the best good of our homes and nation will be advanced by our own great unity of thought, sympathy, and work, and that an organized movement of women will best conserve the highest good of the family and the state, do hereby band ourselves together in a confederation of workers committed to the overthrow of all forms of ignorance and to the wise application of the Golden Rule to society, custom and law. This council is organized in the interest of no one propaganda, and has no power over its auxiliaries beyond that of suggestion and sympathy; therefore to become auxiliary to this council shall thereby render itself liable to be interfered with in respect to the complete organic unity, independence and method of work, or be committed to any principle or method of any other society or to any utterance or act of the council itself, beyond compliance with the terms of this constitution.

From this has come a movement, "the most spontaneous and enthusiastic" among women ever known. Plans are forming for state councils, for county and town organizations, all to be independent and yet unified so as to move forward in the same general direction. The vital questions connected with education, morality, philanthropy, social and political conditions and religion will be considered, and thought aroused upon each and all. The presidents of city organizations will meet either in a district or State organization, and so on until the International Council to assemble once in five years is reached. Think what a tremendous power will be thus exerted for the world's uplifting!

Underneath the peon of rejoicing over the great uprising and organizing of woman's thought, I hear a murmur of discontent, the key to which lies in the fear that with woman's attention directed to general affairs, the home will be neglected. Have no fear. No human being was ever yet led to a neglect of duty by the broadening of her sympathies, the extension of her knowledge and the strengthening of her desire to help, not just those of her own immediate neighborhood, not alone those in whom she has a personal interest, but humanity at large. She finds herself drawn out of her own little orbit in which she is revolving, and becoming interested with an unselfish interest in what others are doing. She learns that the people whose opinions she has regarded with eyes turned askance because of their heterodoxy are as earnestly laboring for the right as she is herself. She learns charity, good will and tolerance, lessons which every human being is the stronger for acquiring, the earlier in life the better for what she will do of good. And these apprehensive ones will find that this bringing together of woman's thought and unifying woman's effort will have the final effect of brightening the homes and rendering them the happier.

To quote from Miss Willard in a speech regarding this matter: "Thus in a thousand ways the blessed education into a tolerant spirit goes swiftly on; the cobwebs of ignorance are brushed away; the rusty chains of prejudice are filed in two and sectarianism is replaced by sisterly love; meanwhile the horizon of the heart is widened because the outlook of the brain is elevated, and into the lonesome little coves, inlets, and bays flow the strong, healthful tides of life's cosmopolitan sea."

Beautiful words and strong words, uttered by one who, from the vantage height she has reached, knows well what she is talking about. She foresees not only the ultimate triumph of the blessed cause which she represents, but of all other reforms for which such representative women as she have labored. She knows that the night has passed and the Woman's Day is dawning. Let every woman rejoice at this truth, and feel her heart grow strong within her to go on with whatsoever her hands finds to do, first in her home, and then outside where struggling humanity seeks to lift itself into a purer, freer atmosphere.

The announcement of the names of the twelve noted American women, sketches of whom written by the editor of the HOUSEHOLD have been promised to BLADE readers, will be made next week.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

MUSIC ROLL.—This may be made of linen or plush, or broadcloth would be serviceable. Cut the outside of the case twenty inches long by thirteen wide, curving it at the top. Cut a lining of satine half an inch larger than the piece for the outside. Fold a strip of the lining togeiher and cut the flaps so that the closed or folded edge will come inside and make them seventeen inches long and three inches wide. Sew the ends together on the wrong side; turn and press; baste them on the lining; turn the edges in and overhand them to the outside. Sew a cord nearly around the edge and fasten a piece through the case for a handle. A small strap or a satin ribbon is used to keep the roll closed. Paint the initials after the case is lined.

E. S. W.

CHEAP FRAMES.—Take white pasteboard, cut an inch wide for cabinets, or narrower in proportion to size of picture. Cut on the inside one-inch smaller than the picture. The outside may be pinked or straight to suit the fancy. Take silver whiting and mix with water, leaving it lumpy. Now put this on the frame and let it dry. Procure a bottle of gilding (25 cents is the usual price) and gild the dried powder. Paste a piece of paper on the two sides and bottom of the frame, leaving room to slip the picture through the top and between the frame and paper. The effect of these frames is pretty.

ART NOTES.—I have lately been painting upon bolting cloth, and have tried the experiment of painting in oil color upon wash fabrics, with good success. Aprons of cheesecloth, scrim, lawn or swiss can be made lovely by painting a spray of flowers upon them.

Fruit napkins, toilet sets, splashers and tidies of butcher's linen are a novelty when painted. First stretch the cloth over a drawing board and fasten with thumb tacks. Stamp the design and outline with a mixture of ivory black and burnt umber thinned with turpentine, using a very fine sable brush. When perfectly dry paint carefully in natural colors, using turpentine instead of oil to thin the colors. The articles can be washed by using a strong suds of warm water and any good white soap. Iron the painted part upon the wrong side. Some colors will stand boiling, but not all. There is a preparation sold for making a color to paint upon wash fabrics, but I find, from experience, that it is no better than turpentine.

Some of my readers have doubtless admired the beautiful Terraline vases, but have found them too expensive to indulge in. I refer to vases, panels and plaques decorated in raised work. By experimenting I find that any one with a little taste can produce articles that, when painted, can hardly be told from the original. Any plain vase, jar, jug, plaque, panel, etc., can be decorated.

Buy at any drug store a pound can of white lead and ten cents worth of Paris whiting. Mix enough whiting with the lead to make a stiff dough that can be rolled to any thickness, cut out flowers and leaves, as for wax work, stick them together with white lead, and use the same to fix them on the vase or jug. Let them dry for a week or ten days, then paint in natural colors. A little practice will enable one to do very handsome work. Only mix just to whom will use, as it gets hard and cannot be softened again. It is better than any of the boughten preparations of putty, and when dry is as firm and hard as china.

In my "hints on landscape painting," there is a mistake in the color given for foliage. It reads, "Use Schoenfeld's umber green." It should read, "Use Schoenfeld's sienna or Cassel earth, burnt umber," etc. Before me is a little marine view upon a plaque. The sky is a greenish blue, with light streaks. A ridge of dark rocks project out from the left and upon them is a tower and some houses. In the front are the waves of a calm sea. For the dark sky use ultramarine blue, a very little Prussian blue and new umber. Put on in broad streaks and between them put light streaks, made of white and a very little deep chrome. Blend these together until a tranquil hazy sky is the result. The light tower is of gray stone and is made of white, black and raw umber. The houses are of white, burnt sienna and burnt umber. The rocks upon the right may be made of burnt umber, white and very black. The waves are of deep chrome, Prussian blue and raw umber, and are put on in little half-circular stripes with a bristle brush. The light part of the waves is made of neep chrome and white. Mix three shades of the dark and use one for light for the waves.

In my hints about sewing a "ten year-old child" should have read a "two-year-old child."—MONTANA MAY.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and sl, slip and bind; o, over; thread over; *b*, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c ¼ st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

BEAD CUFF OR BRACELET.—This cuff may be worked in any color. The pattern below is for black and white beads, therefore black wool or silk should be used, but gold or steel beads may be threaded instead of white to advantage, as they harmonize well with black. First of all the beads must be theaded on the material used precisely as given in the patterns. When the end of the pattern is reached begin again and repeat as often as directed. In working out the patterns one stitch more is used than the number of beads. This is slipped into the loop, the wool being afterward put under the needle at the beginning of each row so as to give firmness and regularity. To thread the beads take a fine needle, cut a length of thread and pass both ends of it through the eye of the needle. There will thus be a loop of thread to which insert or hang the end of the wool to be used with the beads and commence threading. When the beads are all threaded, cast on the number or stitches required and knit as follows: Slip the first, knit all the rest plain, passing one bead close up to the needle at every stitch before the thread is raised. Next row plain knitting without beads, the first stitch being slipped. Every alternate row is a bead row. When the beads are all worked in, cast off on the first row, after a bead row, and overcast the first and last rows together, as closely as possible, to make the pattern join. The same rules will also serve for other cases where beads may be desired.—FLORA.

CROCHETED MUFF.—This is a comfortable and pretty muff for a little girl whose purse does not admit of fur. With a fine bone hook No. 12 and gray single zephyr wool, of which six ounces will be required, make a chain of 78 stitches. First row—1 d c ending with 1 ch; 2nd row—1 d c in the first d c, taking up the back of the loop, which is done throughout the work; take up the back of the 2d loop, draw the wool through, pass the wool round the needle, take up the same loop again, making 3 loops on the needle in this one stitch, draw the wool through three, 3 times through the 2 on the needle; take up the whole of this row in this manner; 3d row—plain d c worked from the back of the loop, as before. Repeat the 2d and 3d rows. Work a piece wide enough for your muff, then make it up. For this you require blue silk in the piece, two pairs of black tassels, some blue ribbon to run in the runner, and a sheet of wadding. Lay the wadding the size of the piece of crochet you have worked, cover it on both sides with silk, then sew together. Make a slot at each outer edge, sew up the piece of crochet, place it over the silk, run the edges of the crochet to the extreme edge of the slot, then pass the ribbon in, and add tassels.—FLORA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SUNDAY VISITING AGAIN.—Will you again kindly allow me a little space? I wish to thank "MYRA" for her words of sympathy and appreciation in regard to Sunday visiting. Numerous criticisms have reached me through various sources, and while some agree with me, it seems many do not. Now, I am sorry to give offense to any, sorry to be considered narrow, mean and selfish, but my convictions of personal duty are not dependent on the opinion of others. I believe life to live, my own responsibilities to bear. I am not a firm believer that "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel."

I confess I am not willing to "give the best of myself and my surroundings" to those who have no claim upon me. All that belongs, first to my own family, second to my friends who are always welcome, and for whom a tiny guest chamber, and place at my table are always ready. There are times, too, when the "chance comer" is cordially received, and heartily welcomed. But I do protest against being made a mere convenience by those who, to gain some end of their own, destroy my peace, comfort and happiness, and give only annoyance in return. Those who have heard or read the sermons of Beecher and Talmage well know how vigorously those greatest of preachers have denounced such infringment of right, and better human precedents it would be hard to find.

Not long since my friend Mr. E. returned home at the close of the week, after a long and weary absence. If Mrs. E. did not "kill the fattest calf," she at least tried to make the following Sunday "an high day" of rejoicing. But were they left to the quiet enjoyment of their reunion feast? Not at all. A whole family walked in to spend the day, and did it, too. Said family had not set foot in his house during Mr. E.'s absence, had made no inquiry as to Mrs. E.'s welfare, or possible need of assistance, but all at once were so anxious to know if she were "living or dead," and so glad to see Mr. E. home again, etc.

Now, all you ultra good and patient people, pray give the lady credit in that she treated them courteously, and make your own comment. But of one thing be assured: When I ask any one to come and see me, I mean it. When I don't want them I don't ask them. Polite lies are dishonesty. True courtesy is always sincere, but it takes a deal of patience and pity to make it so, when ignorance drags one down to the muggy levels of boredom.—RUTH.

A PLEASANT LETTER.—I wish I could send you a handful of my beautiful pansies! My first sowing of flower seeds did not germinate well, and I sowed again the middle of June. The very first pansy that bloomed on the ranch, lifted its pretty face to the sunshine on the last day of July, and if you had seen the excitement it caused, you might have deemed it wonderful too. But oh! how they have bloomed since! Every tint and shade from purest white to deepest black, and new ones every day. I've had a great many beautiful flowers during the latter part of the summer, but pansies have given most pleasure. We have built a wall of planks and earth around the bed, have set in stocks, gerantums colored candy tufts, etc. etc., and have covered it with glass, and protthat as well with matting, and so shall have flowers outdoors all winter and early in spring. O yes! the sitting-room is gay with flowers and thrifty plants. I have scarlet and white geraniums, stocks in rose purple, cream and white, scalions in maroon, a big box of pansies, another of honey-sweet asters in rose, pink, purple and white. Ivies are climbing over the windows; the iceplant glitters, thyme rivals rose geraniums, and huge sprays of nasturtium stand in flasks of water (a little burnt bone in the bottom) and swing green leaves and brilliant blossoms over tops of picture frames. The trouble is, I have so many pretty things I don't know where to put them.

Here it is, the middle of October, and our first hard frost is just too late to nip anything we wanted to save. Not a drop of rain did our crops have from first to last this year, but we have no room to complain as to yield. Better vegetables than ours can't be found in the country, and they are safely in the cellar. Our "high, dry land" produced also, fine cucumbers, watermelons, citrons and "vegetable orange." The last we raised for the first time, and are much pleased. In size and shape it resembles a small orange, but in color like a fine lemon; rind very thin and very tough; the flesh firm, and white as snow. As a "pie melon" I fancy it is a failure, but it is delicious eaten fresh, with salt, and for preserves and pickles is very nice, but is best unripe for that. I have just finished that part of the year's work, and draw a long breath of satisfaction.

Last year I fairly wore myself out making up the winter's supply of "goodies" *by rule*. This fall I got out my treasured cookbook, carefully read over the various recipes I needed, looked at my heap of material, and laid down the book in despair. I really had not time or strength to carry them out. And I didn't. I just used some common sense, "short cut" methods of my own, and the results give general satisfaction. My preserves and pickles are clear, firm and crisp, and of good flavor. I send with this a copy of some of the recipes I have made and used, and if Miss Bouton thinks them worth printing, perhaps they may help some other weary worried sister to solve the problem of x-y-z supplies. We pay 50 cents per gal. for vinegar out here, and it is not extra then. But I aim to have it at least one inch deep on top of pickles. A round or two of heavy brown paper put down under weight will take up scum, and keep pickles clear. A piece of writing paper, cut to cover and fit down closely, jellies, jams, or preserves, and wet with alchohol, or some good spirits will keep off mould.

It seems scarcely fair to tell a weary, discouraged sister that her fruit spoils because she has not used due care. Those who are blessed with uniform success ought to be able and willing to point out the errors and the remedy. I have by experience that fruit will spoil in some climates despite the best of care. But then I do not claim to be a "superior" housekeeper. If I fail, I think it over and try again. Now here is another bit of my common-place economy. My sitting-room carpet—a nice, good brussels, has not yet a break in it, but it grew too shabby. I have shabby in spots. I ripped it up and changed the breadths, (it is a small figure), and put it down over a heavy sacking. It was much improved, but I thsught I could better it, and if an experiment of which I had ever heard proved a failure, I need not tell it. I got two packages of Diamond dye—dark green; dissolved that according to directions—one paper at a time however—adding, in all—about 1½ gal. warm water, 1½ pint strong vinegar, and 2 tablespoonfuls common salt. Or to be a little more definite, I mixed the dye in a separate vessel, adding it to water until the desired tint was reached. Then went over the carpet a little at a time—with water and cloth; take up all dust, and have the carpet damp, as the dry would "take" better. I used a small, flat brush, setting it down first on lighted spots, and moving quickly hither and thither to spread and blend the color. When dry I went over it again with darker shades, doing some judicious "graining," so as to get the effect of my carpet in shaded greens; and if the fern leaves and roses shine in subdued splendor it is much richer in effect. Cost 30 cents.

One of my prettiest winter ornaments is a huge corner bouquet consisting of a plumy stalk of corn, surrounded with very large heads of oat, grass, green and ripe, Chinese, English and German millet, the last fairly immense. The different shades and shapes are very beautiful, and I am a bit proud of it, because it all grew on our own place. They told me corn would not grow here. I have set a stalk of it 6½ foot high, ears and blade intact, in a corner of my hall as a proof to the contrary. I made two little fancy "cupboards" of boxes, put in shelves, covered with cloth and tacked split corn stalks on all front edges. Put fancy netting curtains, and if you want anything prettier, make it.

I have just lost a canary bird at the age of 10 years and 6½ months. He was a splendid singer, and had to eat of everything we used on the table (save pickles) all his life. Who can match him?

Now, girlies, don't let your goodies spoil for want of a little alcohol or brandy. Of course, some of you blessed sisters have guessed it at once! Well, I'm not a Prohibitionist, and what are you going to do about it? I think there are other and better means of managing a great evil. We are nearing a National crisis, and every vote given for prohibition is an indirect vote in favor of free trade, than which no greater curse can come upon America. I have traveled, read and studied somewhat, and I am tolerably well informed as to the results of free trade in European countries. I realize only too well what changes it would bring to our millions of happy homes. Those who vote to bring ruin upon us, cut their own throats. I have to throw their votes away instead of casting them on the side of protection and right, allow others to decapitate them and deserve the evils that will come.—JEANIE.

INQUIRIES.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me what will remove freckles from the face?—AMY.

I want to ask if any one has the seed of the castor oil plant that was mentioned in the BLADE a long time ago?—A READER.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD give a good toilet lotion, one that will improve and not be injurious? Will they also give plain instructions for doing fancy work with silk arrasene on plush and working in crewel silk?—G. H. S., Carthage.

Will some one please give a recipe through the BLADE for making automatic inks?—CONSTANT READER.

Will the lady who raised pie melon and mock peaches please send me directions if she has any to spare? If Magdalena DAVIS will send stamped, self-addressed envelope I will send her different samples of spider lace. The directions would take up too much space in the BLADE.—MOLLIE B. HUBER, Bronson, Fla.

Will some one give me by letter a description of the Malheur country, Oregon, the climate, whether one has to feed their stock as we do here in Iowa, if one can take up government land, if not, what can one buy land for?—MRS. R. E. HUGGINS, Granny City, Ia.

No one need send answer to this inquiry to the paper, as there is not room for insertion, and address is given.—ED.

1. Where can I get some seed of citron and pie melon? Also mock peach seed? How do I prepare the ground to raise them? 2. Has Emily S. Bouton got any more books on house decoration? 3. What kind of clover is best for bees? Where can I get a book on bee culture?—MRS. PATTI A. HAMMOND.

Miss Bouton has no more books on House Decoration.—ED.

Will some one please tell us through the BLADE where to go to help one with weak lungs? We live in Northern Michigan, and would like to change climate on account of lung trouble. Would want to go where a man with family could find employment dering the winter, either in a small town or country. I think this of general interest, as so many are troubled with weak lungs.—MINNIE MANTON.

Will some one who is interested in music give me their plan of teaching music with beginners? Also, will the editor give me the address of Miss Ella Guernsey, who once contributed to the BLADE so liberally?—MAY.

The Editor has not the address desired.

I have seen among the inquiries mention made of pie and peach melons, but no address. I wish to obtain some or both kinds. Will you please give my address and ask some of the sisters who have the seeds to spare to communicate with me?—MRS. INEZ C. YOUMANS, Wells's Bridge, Otsego county, New York.

Will some one send me the recipe for destroying or driving away the small red ant? It was published in the HOUSEHOLD column of your paper during the past summer.—MRS. SANDIE BROWN, 3409 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo.

Will either a gentleman or lady please send a senior a few specimens for the study of geology? Any kind of rock will do, no matter how small. I tried to purchase them here but failed.—BERTHA HOOVER, P. O. Box 1174, Moberly, Mo.

Why do not more of the HOUSEHOLD band send us formulas for the cooking of vegetables and meats and good coarse living—so we may have a change of fare? I think good vegetables, bread and meat are things we, as housekeepers, should pay particular attention to.—MRS. B.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

The correspondents who write upon both sides of their paper must not be disappointed if their articles do not appear. That is an absolute requirement for publication, and many good articles go into the waste paper basket through failure to comply with it.—ED.

"Inquirer," Graham's System of Short-Hand is considered the best. It takes from six to nine months to get a sufficient knowledge to enable one to take a position as a stenographer. To acquire it it in that time it is necessary to have a good teacher, and devote at least five hours per day to study. To learn it without a teacher would be such a slow and difficult task that I would not advise anyone to undertake it, if possible to do otherwise. Graham's Hand book of Phonography, price $2, is the best book needed.—ED.

To the lady who wanted to know the difference between Diamond Dyes and Diamond Paints, I would say that the paints proper, are artists black bronzes, but the paints mentioned in my articles are made of the dyes disolved in hot water.

MONTANA MAY.

Tell J. Q. A.—Washing the feet nightly in strong salt water and changing his socks daily will be of great benefit. Excessive perspiration in the feet is caused by poor circulation of the blood and will disappear as the general health improves.

SIOUX INDIAN.

In answer to MRS. J. A. F.'s request for making vinegar from mother of plant, I send the following: Sweeten any quantity of rain water you desire with sorghum molasses. Spread on a piece of manilla paper some yeast sponge as it is light. Place this in the vessel with the sweetened water and cork tight. To make in small quantities is best as the plant is easily killed. The time for it to become vinegar depends on the amount of sweetening the water contains. The sweeter the water the stronger the vinegar and the longer to make.

H. B. P.

If those who want to know where to get a book containing cross-stitch embroidery patterns, will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to me, I will forward the address of publisher and price of book. Box 754, Cherokee, Iowa.

Tell Sub, box 73, Broken Bow, Neb., to get a box large enough to put her white lily in, and paper the box on the outside with newspaper, or wall paper will make it look more fancy, then line the inside with six or eight thicknesses, the more the better; make flour starch to paste the paper on with, then set the lily in the box every night and put on the cover; have that papered also. If the house is very cold put a shawl or blanket all over the box. That is the way I have kept a dozen or more plants several winters.

I would like to tell M. Ritter my way to preserve autumn leaves. Fold enough thicknesses of any old muslin to be soft to iron on; have an iron warm but not hot enough to scorch the leaves or burn the colors, a little experience will show how warm to use it; lay the leaf face up on the cloth; rub the iron lightly over a piece of common beeswax; then iron the leaf until dry enough not to curl; the wax gives a glossy finish and preserves the color.—R. A. WATERS, Santa Cruz, Cal.

RECIPES.

KALSOMINING.—Tell MRS. Rodley to try following for kalsomining: Take 8 lbs. whiting, ¾ lb. white glue; cover glue with cold water over night. In the morning heat gradually until dissolved. Mix whiting with hot water, add the glue and stir together, adding warm water until the consistency of thick cream. Use a kalsomine brush. It leaves the work smoother than a whitewash brush. Some use skimmed milk in place of glue. To fill up cracks make a cement of one part of flour to one-quarter part of potash, mixed with common whiting.

WATERMELON CAKE.—This is my recipe: White part, 2 cupfuls white sugar, 1 of butter, 1 of sweet milk, 3½ of flour, whites of 8 eggs, baking powder. Red part, 1 cupful red sugar, ½ cupful butter, ½ cupful sweet milk, 2 cupfuls flour, whites of 4 eggs, teacupful raisins, baking powder. Keep the red part around the tube and the white around the edge of the pan, and you will have nice watermelon.

Rub your churn bowl and ladle with salt and your butter will not stick.

Will some one please tell me where I can get the song "Some Day I'll Wander Back Again?"

I hope when the BLADE comes out next week it will contain the glad news of Harrison's election.—HATTIE.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Get small cucumbers, as fresh as possible, rinse off, scald in strong hot brine until hot through. Drain well, pack in jars, cover with hot vinegar, plain or spiced to taste. Small, well-filled ears of green corn, cooked and dropped in, are delicious.

BEAN PICKLE.—Gather beans when young and tender, string, breaking as little as possible, cook in water slightly salted until tender—not soft. Drain, and when cold pack in jars, sprinkling in bits of red peppers—or black peppers and cayenne—horse radish in bits, and cover with boiling hot vinegar.

PICKLE MADE OF MELONS, ETC.—Scald the fruit in slightly salted water. Drain well. When cold place in jars and cover with hot vinegar, qt. of vinegar, add ¾ pound brown sugar, ½ teaspoonful cayenne pepper, some whole black pepper and cloves, heating all together. Leave out pepper, and add 1 pound sugar to each qt. vinegar—add spices—makes sweet pickle.

MELLON ETC. PRESERVES.—Cut the oranges in halves, quarters or rings, cut citron and melon rinds to suit taste, peel and remove core. Weigh fruit. Take equal weight granulated sugar, add ½ pt. water to each pound. When boiling, put in fruit and cook till clear—not soft. Skim out and put in jars. Boil syrup until thick and pour over. Flavor to suit taste. Slice fresh lemons or lemon sugar in very nice.

TOMATO MEAT SAUCE.—4 lbs. ripe tomatoes, 1 lb. brown sugar, 1 pt. vinegar, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, ½ teaspoonful cayenne, ½ teaspoonful allspice. Cook tomatoes till soft, rub through colander; cook down about one-third; add the other ingredient, and cook about one hour, stirring to prevent scorch.—JEANIE.

WATERMELON CAKE.—White part, 2 cupfuls of white sugar; ½ cupful of butter; ½ cupful of sweet milk; 3 cupfuls of flour; whites of 5 eggs; 1 tablespoonful baking powder.

Red part—1 cupful red sugar; ½ cupful butter; ½ cupful sweet milk; 2 cupfuls flour; 1 tablespoonful baking powder; yolks of 5 eggs; ½ lb. stoned raisins. Put the pink and raisins in the center.—MRS. B. M. BAYSINGER.

GREEN TOMATO SWEET PICKLES.—12 lbs. chopped tomatoes, 6 lbs. Orleans sugar, 3 pts. best vinegar, 1 heaping teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 level teaspoonful allspice, 1 level teaspoonful mace. Stir tomatoes and sugar well together and cook slowly several hours, being careful not to let burn; then add the rest and cook 40 minutes.

SLICED TOMATO PICKLE.—8 lbs. sliced tomatoes, 1 large head cabbage, 2 large onions, ½ doz. green peppers, 3 pts. vinegar, ½ lb. brown sugar, 3 teaspoonfuls ground mustard, 1 teaspoonful cayenne. Slice the first three articles, chop the four; sprinkle with salt in separate vessels over night; heat vinegar and sugar together; put in tomatoes; cook 20 minutes; put in jar, in alternate layers with the rest. Cover with hot vinegar.

UNLEAVENED BREAD.—Seeing in your paper yesterday an inquiry how to make unleavened bread, by "M. B. A." I have a recipe which I will send hoping it to be of service to the inquirer. Mix unbolted flour with water into a batter a little thicker than for griddle cakes, salt to taste, make a thin loaf not exceeding a quarter of an inch thick. Have pan and oven hissing hot.—MRS. JAMES COLLINS.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

BUDTOWN, KY.	Willie Bush
Edward Franks	Frank Bush
Lizzie Jac son	Luella Bush
Hattie Franks	Della Buchanan
Maude Jackson	Bertie Buchanan
Delpha Jackson	Pearlie Wilder
Mattie Jackson	Zella Bly
A M Bidleton	LYONS, IA.
S R Hughes	Blanche Haradon
Addie Franks	PLEASANT RIDGE, KAN.
R Walter	Lewis Larson
Gassoway Jackson	Peter Larson
Tom Jackson	Martin Larson
MALVERN, ARK.	Will Strain
Bertha Babcock	Osborn Harris
Belle Babcock	Charley Osborn
Nellie Babcock	Pearl Osborn
WAPELLO, IA.	Willie Nunn
William Roy Ronald	Burt Adams
Bloomfield, MICH.	Bernice Adams
George Shidemantle	Ethel Adams
Fred Shidemantle	Kenneth Adams
Frank Shidemantle	Nora Halderman
Walter Post	Anna Halderman
Anson Post	Lissa Edgeton
Frank Post	

Names this week, 45. Total 24,431.

The above emoraces all names received up to November 15.

A NAME FOR THE BABY.

Oh, where is a name for baby?
Come tell me every one.
Give me a name as sweet as a rose,
And bright as the morning sun.
A name that shall tell wherever 'tis heard
The graces and charms of this baby bird.

Yes, tell me some names for baby.
All pure and beautiful things,
Fair as a bird, tender as love,
And glad as a bird's light wings.
Yes, baby's name when whispered o'er,
A thousand charms must hold in store.

Then, give me a name for baby.
For a queen a crown must wear,
And one befitting her royal brow.
Must dainty be and rare.
Surely of all of earth's wond'rous lore,
Some fitting name must hold in store.

Yes, give me a name for baby,
From earth, or sea, or air.
We can't always call her "Pearl" and Pet,"
"Jewel" and "Sunny-hair."
Oh, for a name that in all its parts,
Will adorn our queen, our "queen of hearts."
—*Clara J. Denton, in Good Housekeeping.*

FLORIDE'S PATIENT.

BY BERTHA WATSON.

A great battle was fought near Floride's home. All day long she listened to the distant roar of the cannon. She had not a very clear idea of what the quarrel was all about, but she was an ardent little rebel, nevertheless.

She hated the Yankees bitterly when she heard that they had gained the victory, and left hundreds of Southern soldiers wounded and dead on the field, and she grieved over the thought of their sufferings until it seemed as if she must do some thing to help them.

The dear old church where she used to go to Sunday school had been turned into a hospital. Floride would often wander near it, thinking of all the pain and misery within, until one day she peeped through the open door. Inside she saw rows of narrow cots with haggard looking men stretched upon them. Other men, evidently surgeons and nurses, were hurrying back and forth in a way that seemed to Floride noisy and hurried.

Just opposite the door lay a boy with dark, damp hair, and such a sad, tired face that Floride could not keep back tears of pity.

Frank Laine had closed his eyes to shut out the dreadful sight of so much suffering, and his mind had wandered home once more. Oh, if his mother were only here to put her cool hand on his burning head for one minute, or his little sister, just to say she was sorry for him. But there was no one to pity him now, and they would never know how he longed for them.

He opened his eyes wearily, and saw standing in a gleam of sunshine that fell across the doorway, a little white-robed figure with shining hair, and wondered vaguely if it was an angel as it came slowly toward him.

"Do you want some?" Floride whispered; and without waiting for an answer, she flung her bunch of wild flowers on the cot and ran away.

When Frank knew it was no angel, but a tender hearted little girl like his own sister Margaret, and an overwhelming rush of homesickness made him burst into tears. Poor fellow, he was no hero now, though he had fancied himself one not long ago when he ran away from home to join the Northern army. He had meant to write to his mother after the first battle, and tell of his wonderful deeds of bravery and the praise he had gained. But there was nothing of the kind to tell. Heroes are not left lying on the roadside for hours, dizzy with pain, while the army sweeps by and wins the victory without their help. He would never write home now. Everything had turned out as his father foretold, and he would never, never expect to earn forgiveness.

He hoped Floride would come again. She was like a little bit of home finding its way into this dreary place. The night did not seem to be so long and tedious when he was thinking about her, wondering whether she was a rebel, and where she lived, and whether she would come to-morrow. He was so anxious to see her again that he grew restless and feverish as time wore on, but the nurses were too busy to notice him. There were many others of more importance in the their eyes than the drummer boy, who was so dangerously wounded that he probably never would get well.

To his delight, the golden head peeped in about nine o'clock, and after a moment's hesitation Floride walked to the cot.

"See, I've brought you something," she whispered, her cheeks pink with excitement, and she produced from under her apron a china mug full of milk. Such a thing was unknown in the hospital, and Frank was always thirsty.

"That's good," he cried, draining it eagerly. "That's like home. It makes me think of Dapple. Dapple was my cow, you know."

"Oh, have you got a cow," asked Floride. "I used to have. She was fine. I tell you. Whenever I came in sight she'd run up to me and lay her head on my shoulder, and —Oh, well," he broke off, hastily, as he felt a lump rising in his throat, "there's no use talking about it. I'll never see her again."

"Did the Yankees steal her?" demanded Floride. The wicked, cruel, horrid things!"

"See here, you must'nt talk like that!" exclaimed Frank. "I'm a Yankee myself."

"Why, I thought you were nice!" cried Floride. "I thought you were a Confederate. I'm sorry I brought you the milk. I hate you. You killed my Uncle Paul. Oh, you bad, bad man!" And with a stamp of her foot she ran away.

In vain Frank called her back. He had no quarrel with her, little rebel though she was, and he felt lonelier than ever, when she was gone.

Poor Floride went home and had a good cry. Down in the bottom of her heart she had always thought of Yankees as black men who ate little children. It was a great disappointment to find out her mistake, and, besides, she was really very sorry for the wounded soldier; but she resolved never to go to the hospital again, or to take the "Yank" things to eat. If she could only have had a long talk with her mother about him! But Mrs. Elmer was many miles away, and somehow Floride could not tell her secrets to Aunt Carrie. Nothing could make her believe that any Yankee was nice, and she would be glad that Frank was wounded.

The next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon Floride went off to her Sunday school with her heart full of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. The Yankees had taken away their church, and they had to meet in Miss Nelson's house. That was another reason for hating them. Besides, hadn't the "Yanks" killed her dear Uncle Paul, whom Miss Nelson had promised to marry?

The text that day was "Love your enemies." It made Floride feel uncomfortable, for just as she said it, it struck her that the Yankees were her enemies. Miss Nelson did not say one word about the Northern soldiers, but she reminded the children of what bitter foes our dear Lord had, and how He prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and she told them that each and all must try to follow his example, and do good to those that hated them. Suddenly she stopped, and bursting into tears, said, "Go home, children, go home."

"Well, I don't care what Miss Nelson says I hate the Yankees!" exclaimed one of the older girls, as they went slowly out. "Oh, of course, Miss Nelson didn't mean to love Yankees!"

But Floride was silent. She knew very well that Miss Nelson had really meant the Northern soldiers, and she secretly longed to forgive the wounded drummer boy, and see what she could do to make him happier.

Frank had watched for her all day, but when evening came he gave up and tried not to be disappointed, but it was very hard to be brave. He had had no supper. How could he eat the coarse, hastily cooked hospital food? He was not hungry, but he was terribly thirsty. His head ached too. The pain seemed to vanish when a light foot step that certainly was not one of the surgeons, fell on his ear, and Floride came softly in looking a little frightened.

"Here," she whispered. "I brought you some milk and some jelly, and I'm sorry I called you a Yankee. Good-bye!"

"Oh, stop, little girl, stop!" said Frank eagerly. "You needn't be sorry. I don't mind; and thank you for the things. Can't you stay awhile and talk? I'm so— It's kind of lonely here."

"I should think it would be," said Floride sympathetically; "but I can't stay now. It's almost dark. I'll come again to-morrow, right after breakfast," and with a happy nod she flew away.

The next day and every day after for more than a week, she visited her patient faithfully. She always brought something nice for him to eat or drink, and Frank never dreamed that she was denying herself to give it to him. Her visits were the one bright spot in days that were cloudy with pain.

The other patients watched for her too, and were better for the sight of her sunny face; while the doctors, when they thought of her at all, concluded that she did the wounded boy good, and they made no objection to her presence.

As for Frank, he was contented to lie still with closed eyes, while she chatted to him, or murmured softly the hymns she knew, if he was in great pain—"There's a green hill far away," and "Once in royal David's city," were his favorites.

Sometimes, when he felt better than usual, he would tell her about the dear Connecticut farm, and just how his mother looked, and how stern his father sometimes was, and yet how kind.

Floride would beg him to write to them, and say he was sorry for his disobedience, and tell them that he was wounded, but Frank always shut his lips in a decided way, and shook his head at this. He was proud. Poor boy. One day he asked little Floride to bring him a sheet of paper and an envelope.

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DR. TAGMAGE ON THE PARABLE

Of the Talents—The Dull as Well as the Brilliant to be Compensated by the Lord.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 18.—At the Tabernacle this morning the acclaim of the worshipers was very great as they joined in the opening doxology. Professor Browne rendered exquisitely the organ solo, sonata in Cminor Rheinberger. The pastor, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for his text: "Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability." Matt. xxv. 15. He said:

Many of the parables of Jesus Christ were more graphic in the times in which he lived than they are now, because circumstances have so much changed. In olden times, when a man wanted to wreak a grudge upon his neighbor, after the farmer had scattered the seed wheat over the field and was expecting the harvest, his avenger would go across the same field with a sack full of seed of darnal grass, scattering that seed all over the field, and of course it would sprout up and spoil the whole crop; and it was to that Christ referred in parable when he spoke of the tares being sown among the wheat. In this land our farms are fenced off, and the wolves have been driven to the mountains, and we cannot fully understand the meaning of the parable in regard to the shepherd and the lost sheep. But the parable from which I speak to-day is found on something we all understand. It is built on money, and that means the jane in Jerusalem as in New York. It means the same to the serf as to the czar and the Chinese coolie as to the emperor. Whether it is made out of bone or brass, or iron or copper, or gold or silver, it speaks all languages without a stammer. The parable of the text runs in this wise: The owner of a large estate was about to leave home, and he had some money that he wished properly invested, and so he called together his servants and said:

"I am going away now, and I wish you would take this money and put it to the very best possible use, and when I come back return to me the interest." To one man he gave $5,000, to others he gave lesser sums of money down to the least he gave $1,880. He left home and was gone for years, and then returned. On his arrival he was anxious to know about his worldly affairs, and he called his servants together to report to him. "Let me know," said he, "what you have been doing with my property since I have been gone. The man who had received the $5,000 came up and said: "I invested that money. I got good interest for it. I have in other ways rightly employed it; and here are $18,800. You see I have doubled what you gave me." "That's very good" said the owner of the estate; "that's grandly done. I admire your faithfulness and industry. I shall reward you. Well done—well done." Other servants came up with smaller accumulations. After a while, I see a man dragging himself along, with his head hanging down, and when he comes up to the throne of the owner of the estate and says: "Here are those $1,880." "What!" says the owner of the property, "haven't you made it accumulate anything?" "Nothing—nothing." "Why, what have you been about all these years?" "Oh, I was afraid that if I invested it, I might somehow lose it, and here are your $1,880." Many a man started out with only a crown in his pocket, and achieved a fortune; but this fellow of my text, with $1,880, has gained not one farthing. Instead of confessing his indolence, he goes to work to berate his master, for indolence is most always impudent and impertinent. Of course he loses his place and is discharged from the service of the owner, and cast out into a far country is Jesus Christ going from earth to heaven. The servants spoken of in the text are members of the church. The talents are our different qualifications of usefulness given in different proportions to different people. The coming back of the owner is the Lord Jesus returning at the judgment to make final settlement. The raising of some of these men to be rulers over five or ten cities is the exaltation of the righteous at the last day, while the casting out of the idler is the expulsion of all those who have misimproved their privileges.

Learn first from this subject, that becoming a Christian is merely going out to service. If you have any romantic idea about becoming a Christian, I want now to scatter the illusion. To enter into the kingdom of God, it will be going into plain, practical, honest, continuous, persistent Christain work. I know there are a great many people who have fantastic and romantic notions about this Christian life, but he who serves God with all the energies of body, mind and soul, is a worthy servant, and he who does not is an unworthy servant. When the war trumpet sounds all that the Lord's people must arm, however deep the snow may be, or however fearful the odds against them. Under our government we may have colonels, and captains, and generals in time of peace, but in the church of God there is no peace until the last great victory shall have been achieved. But I have to tell you it is voluntary service. People are not brought to Jesus as slaves were drag ed from Africa. A young man goes to an artisan and says: "Sir, I want to learn your trade. I, by this indenture, plead myself to your care and service for the next four, or five, or seven years. I want you to be my master, and I want to be your servant." Just so, if we come into the kingdom of God at all, we must come, saying to Christ: "Be thou my master. I take thy service for time and eternity. I choose it" It is a voluntary service. There is no drudgery in it. In our worldly callings sometimes our nerves get worn out, and our head aches, and our physical faculties break down; but in this service of the Lord Jesus, the harder a man works the better he likes it, and a man in this audience who has been for forty years serving God enjoys that employment better than when he first entered it. The grandest honor that can ever be bestowed upon you is to have Christ say to you on the last day: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Learn also from this parable that different qualifications are given to different people. The teacher lifts a blackboard, and he draws a diagram in order that by that diagram he may impress the mind of the pupil with the truth that he has been uttering. And all the truths of this Bible are drawn out in the natural world as in a great diagram. Here is an acre of ground that has ten talents. Under a little culture it yields twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. Here is another piece of ground that has only one talent. You may plow it and harrow it and culture it year after year, but it yields no more. So there is a man with ten talents in the way getting good and doing good. He soon, under Christian culture, yields great harvests of faith and good work. Here is another man who seems to have only one talent, and you may put upon him the greatest spiritual culture, but he yields but little of the fruits of righteousness. You are to understand that there are different qualifications for different individuals. There is a great deal of ruinous comparison when a man says: "Oh, if I only had that man's faith, or that man's money, or that man's eloquence, how I would serve God." Better take the faculty that God has given you and employ it in the right way. The rabbis used to say, that before the stone and timber were brought to Jerusalem for the temple every stone and piece of timber was marked; so that before they started for Jernsalem, the architect knew in what place that particular piece of timber or stone should fit. And so I have to tell you we are all marked for some place in the great temple of the Lord, and do not let us complain, saying: "I would like to be the foundation stone or the cap stone." Let us go into the very place where God intends us to be, and be satisfied with the position. Your talent may be in personal appearance, your talent may be in large worldly estate, your talent may be in high worldly position, your talent may be in a swift pen or eloquent tongue, but whatever be the talent it has been given only for one purpose—practical use. You sometimes find a man in the community of whom you say, "He has no talent at all," and yet that man may have a hundred talents. His one hundred talents may be shown in the item of endurance. Poverty comes and he endures it; persecution comes, and he endures it; sickness comes, and he endures it. Before men and angels he is a specimen of Christian patience, and he is really illustrating the power of Christ's Gospel, and is doing as much for the church, and more for the church, than many more positively active. If you have one talent use that; if you have ten talents, use them; satisfied with the fact that we all have different qualifications, and that the Lord decides whether we shall have one or whether we shall have ten.

I learn also from this parable that the grace of God was intended to be accumulative. When God plants an acorn, he means an oak, and when he plants a small amount of grace in the heart, he intends it to be growthful and enlarge until it overshadows the whole nature. There are parents who at the birth of each child lay aside a certain amount of money, investing it, expecting by accumulation and by compound interest that by the time the child shall come to mid life this small amount of money will be a fortune, showing how a small amount of money will roll up into a vast accumulation. Well, God sets aside a certain amount of grace for each one of his spiritual children at his birth, and it is to go on, and as by compound interest, accumulate, until it shall become an eternal fortune. Can it be possible that you have been acquainted with the Lord Jesus for ten, twenty, thirty years, and that you do not love him more now than you ever did before. Can it be that you have been cultured in the Lord's vineyard, and that Christ finds on you nothing but sour grapes? You may depend upon it, if you do not use the talent that God gave you, it will dwindle. The rill that breaks from the hillside will either widen into a river or dry up. The brightest day started in the dim twilight. The strongest Christian man was once a weak Christian. Take the one talent and make it two; take five and make them five; take ten and make them twenty. The grace of God was intended to be very accumulative. Man's lack of adaptability to circumstances.

Again: I learn from the text that inferiority of gifts is no excuse for indolence. This man, with the smallest amount of money, came growling into the presence of the owner of the estate, as much as to say: "If you had given me $9,400 I would have brought $18,800 as well as the other man. You gave me only $1,880, and I hardly thought it was worth while to use it at all. So I hid it in a napkin and it produced no result. It's because you didn't give me enough." But inferiority of faculties is no excuse for indolence. Let me say to the man who has the least qualifications, by the grace of God he may be made almost omnipotent. The merchant, whose cargoes come out of ever island of the sea, and who, by one stroke of the pen, can change the whole face of American commerce, has not so much power as you may have before God in earnest, faithful and continuous prayer. You say you have no faculty. Do you not understand that you might this afternoon go into your place of prayer, and kneel before God, and bring down upon your soul, and the soul of others, a blessing so vast that it would take eternal ages to compute it. "Oh," you say, "I haven't fleetness of speech. I can't talk well. I can't utter what I want to say." My brother, can you not quote one passage of Scripture? Then take that one passage of Scripture; carry it with you everywhere; quote it under all proper circumstances. With that one passage of Scripture you may harvest a thousand souls for God. I am glad that the chief work of the church in this day is being done by the men of one talent. Once in a while, when a great fortress is to be taken, God will bring out a great field piece and make all with the fiery hail of destruction. But common muskets do most of the hard fighting. It took only one Joshua, and the thousands of common troops under him, to drive down the walls of cities, and, under wrathful strokes, to make nations fly like sparks from the anvil. It only took one Luther for Germany, one Twinglius for Switzerland, one John Knox for Scotland, one Calvin for France and one John Wesley for England. Dorcas as certainly has a mission to serve as Paul had a mission to preach. The two mites dropped by the widow into the poor box will be as much applauded as the endowment of a college, which gets a man's name into the newspapers. The man who kindled the fire under the burnt offering in the ancient temple had a duty as imperative as that of the high priest in magnificent robes, walking into the Holy of Holies under the cloud of Jehovah's presence. Yes, the men with one talent are to save the world, or it will never be saved at all. The men with five or ten talents are tempted to toil chiefly for themselves, to build up their own great name, and work for their own aggrandizement, to the end of nothing for the alleviation of the world's woes. The cedar of Lebanon standing on the mountains seems to hand down the storms out of the heavens to the earth, but it bears no fruit, while some dwarf pear tree has more fruit on its branches than it carry. Better to have one talent and put it to full use than five hundred wickedly neglected.

My subject teaches me that there is going to be a day of adjustment settlement. When the old farmer of the text got home he immediately called all the servats about him, and said: "Here is the little account I have been keeping. I want to see your account, and we will first compare them; and I'll pay you what I owe you, and you'll pay me what you owe me. Let us have a settlement." The day will come when the Lord Jesus Christ will appear, and will say to you: "What have you been doing with my property? What have you been doing with my faculties? What have you been doing with what I gave you for an accumulative purposes?" There will be no escape from that settlement. Sometimes you can not get a settlement with a man, especially if he owes you. He postpones and procrastinates, and says: "I'll see you next week," or "I'll see you next month. The fact is, he does not want to settle. But when the great day comes of which I am speaking, there will be no escape. We will have to face all the bills. I have sometimes been amused to see how an accountant will run up or down a long line of figures. If I see ten or fifteen figures in a line and I attempt to add them up, and I do it two or three times, I make them different each time. But I have admired the way an accountant will take a long line of figures, and without a single mistake, and with great celerity announce the aggregate. Now, in the last great settlement there will be a correct account presented. God has kept a long line of sins, a long line of profane words, a long line of discarded sacraments, a long line of unimproved privileges. They will all be added up, and before angels, and devils, and men, the aggregate will be announced. Oh, that will be the great day of settlement. I have to ask the question: "Am I ready for it?" It is of more importance to me to answer that question in regard to myself than it is for you to answer it is of more importance for you to answer it in regard to yourself than in regard to me. Every man for himself in that day. Every woman for herself in that day. "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it." We are apt to speak of this last day as an occasion of vociferation—a great demonstration of power; but I have a hint there will be in that day, I think, a few moments of entire silence. I think a tremendous, an overwhelming silence. I think it will be such a silence as the earth never heard. It will be at the moment when all nations are listening for their doom.

I learn from this parable of the text that our degree of happiness in heaven will be graduated according to our degrees of usefulness on earth. Several of the commentators agree in making this parable the same one as in Luke, where one man was made ruler over five cities and another made ruler over two cities. Would it be fair and right that the professed Christian man who has lived very near the line between the world and the church—the man who has often compromised his Christian character—the man who has never spoken out for God—the man who has never been known as a Christian only on communion days—the man whose great struggle has been to see how much of the world he could get and yet win heaven—is it right to suppose that that man will have as grand and glorious a seat in heaven as the man who gave all his energies of body, mind and soul to the service of God? The dying thief entered heaven, but not with the same startling acclaim as that which greeted Paul, who had gone under scorchings and across dungeons and through maltreatment into the kingdom of glory. One star differs from another star in glory, and they who toil mightily for Christ on earth shall have a far greater reward than those who have rendered half a service.

Some of you are hastening on toward the reward of the righteous. I want to cheer you up at the thought that there will be some kind of a reward waiting for you. There are Christian people in this house who are very near heaven. This week some of you may pass out into the light or the unsetting sun. I saw a blind man going along the road with his staff, and he kept pounding the earth and then stamping with his feet. I said to him, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," he said, "I can tell by the sound of the ground when I am near a dwelling." And some of you can tell by the sound of your earthly pathway that you are coming near to your father's house. Congratulate you. Oh, weather beaten voyagers, the storms are driving you into the harbor. Just as when you were looking for a friend, you came up to the gate of his house, and you were talking with the servants, when your friend hoisted the window and shouted: "Come in! come in!" Just so, when you come to the gate of the future world, and you are talking with death, the black porter at the gate, methinks Christ will hoist the window and say: "Come in! come in! I will make thee ruler over ten cities." In anticipation of that land I do not wonder that Augustus Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," declared in his last moment: "I have nothing more to pray for; God has given me everything. Surely no man can live on earth after the glories I have witnessed." Oh, my brothers and sisters, how sweet it will be, after the long wilderness march, to get home. That was a bright moment for the tired dove in the time of the deluge when it found its way safely into the window of the ark.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The Volume of Trade Still Remains Large Wheat Speculation Received a Back-set —General Review.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The volume of legitimate trade continues large but in important branches transactions in anticipation of an improvement in prices were so large prior to the election that comparative dullness has followed.

The war of rates between the trunk lines is the chief cause of the disturbance in speculative circles, but there is also some foreign realizing and men are beginning to consider whether disputes between this country and Great Britain may not disturb the current of investments.

The stock market has therefore been heavy. The average of prices has declined the past week about $1.12 per share.

Wheat speculation has been sat upon heavily by the stoppage of exports from the Atlantic ports and the enormous movement from the Pacific coast.

Another depressing feature has been the export of 4,700,000 bu. of corn in five weeks, against 2,800,000 last year, pointing to less foreign demand for wheat.

With assurance of large supplies, corn is ¾c cheaper, with speculation narrow and sales of only 2,500,000 bu. for the week.

Oats are 1c dearer; cotton has risen ⅛c, with sales of 620,000 bales; and coffee has risen ¼c, with sales of 200,000 bags, while oil, after a little advance, closes as last week.

The market for cottons is rather quiet, and print cloths with light goods of low grade are very firm.

Woolens move sluggishly, but without advance in price, which the cheapness of foreign goods resists; enlargement of production is scarcely to be expected.

The boot and shoe trade continues decidely active and promising.

Excessive production has weakened the anthracite coal market.

Interior demand for bituminous coal has fallen off.

The coke output in Western Pennsylvania exceeds all past records.

While the demand for iron and steel is larger, the production appears at present to have increased even more rapidly, and the market seems rather weaker. Sales of No. 1 northern here at $17.50 are reported. Bar is also weaker in tone, quoted at $1.85, and it is stated that steel rails have been sold at $26 in one case at Pittsburg, and the Chicago quotation, $29.50, is hardly equivalent to that figure, though some eastern sales at $28 are also quoted.

Money is not very easy at Nashville, firm at Kansas City, and in active demand at Memphis, but nearly all points have an ample supply and the treasury observes that the demand for currency has fallen off.

Scarcely any complaint is made of collections.

The bank clearings outside of New York continue large, but foreign trade does not improve.

Treasury disbursements for the week have exceeded receipts by only $500,000.

The failures during the week number 237, as compared with a total of 226 last week, and 275 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 224.

SPECIAL CROP REPORT.

Messrs. C. A. King & Co.'s Elaborate Report on the Growing Crops—Valuable Information.

The Special Market Report of C. A. King & Co., issued to-day, gives reports from 2,694 points covering 450 counties in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Kansas and Missouri, which indicate that this growing crop of wheat has secured a better start than it did last fall. Ohio makes an excellent showing; Missouri, Kansas and Indiana show very favorable while Illinois and Michigan do not promise quite as good. Recent rains have improved the appearance in some sections. Only a very few places report prospects as very poor. Some say the plant is young and tender and would be benefited by a late fall.

"The high prices would have stimulated an increased acreage had it not been for the dry weather. As it is, the acreage sown is about the same as the amount harvested this fall, in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Missouri; Illinois shows a slight falling off while Kansas shows a decided increase, especially in Saline, McPherson, Summer, Crawford, Cowley, Russell, Ellsworth and Labette counties.

"Michigan reports about 40 per cent of the last crop remaining; Ohio about a third; Indiana and Missouri about a quater; Kansas a trifle less than a quarter. Michigan and Ohio farmers are in comfortable circumstances, and some are holding for the predicted $1.25, while Kansas farmers had a good crop, but were obliged to sell early.

Kansas reports their reserves about the same as a year ago; Michigan, Illinois and Missouri a little less; Indiana and Ohio materially less. Millers are generally paying fully as much, and in many places more than St. Louis or our market will afford.

"Two-thirds of the reports say farmers are not disposed to sell corn freely now. Many say it is not in good condition, while some say they are not willing to sell at present prices.

"May wheat here was 123½ the early part of last month. Our boy Solomon ventures the opinion that it will not sell that high again on this crop, unless the growing crop makes a very poor showing in the spring. That the chances for the near future favor selling on the small bulges until receipts in the Northwest fall off or milling demand increases again, which will hardly be for several weeks."

AGAINST ANNEXATION.

Lord Stanley Comes Out Squarely Against It.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 14.—(Special.)—Lord Stanley, Governor-General of Canada, came out squarely against the annexation sentiment in Canada while replying yesterday to an address of welcome from the French-Canadian citizens. He said: "Gentlemen you are right because the loyalty to the throne of which you have spoken so eloquently is the best guarantee of the preservation of the entirely free institutions which you enjoy, and of which you have made such good use in past times.

"Your loyalty, as you say, has been subject to many trials and you have overcome those temptations of which you spoke just now in a manner which you can recall today with just pride. In this, the nineteenth century, the same temptations do not fail to present themselves, although under a changed aspect. For instance, people talk of annexation and various other things known to the political world.

"The monarchial constitution gives us complete autonomy without obliging us every four years to be subject to those violent oscillations of politics which have just now disturbed the business of our neighbors of the United States, and under the external form of a republic it would be impossible to find a more complete expression of the sentiment and of the wishes of citizens than you find to day with us. Do not, therefore, gentlemen, listen to those who would endeavor to disturb you. We know very well the object of such intrigues. Let us remain tranquil. Do not let it be said that the Dominion of Canada has strived herself. Without doubt the confederation, like other states, will have her difficulties, but she will come well out of them."

Exports of Beef and Hog Products.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—The chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that the total values of the exports of beef and hog products from the United States during the month of October, 1888, and during the twelve months ended October 31, 1888, as compared with similar exports from the United States during the corresponding periods of the preceding year, were as follows: October, 1888, $5,952,289; October, 1887, $6,253,723; twelve months ended October 31, 1888, $76,681,485; twelve months ended October 31, 1887, $78,006,907.

The total value of the dairy products was as follows: October, 1888, $659,417; October, 1887, $805,823; six months ended October 31, 1888, $7,126,628; six months ended October 31, 1887, $8,524,052.

Is Not Partisan.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16.—Miss Francis E. Willard, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, writes to the Associated Press. She desires it to be known that the statement so generally made in the press that the W. C. T. U. requires its members to lend their influence to the Prohibition party, or if they do not, declare them disloyal, is totally incorrect. Members are left free to their political affiliations.

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SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!

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FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

How to Catch Rabbits and Other Animals —Prices of Products in 1840.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see by the papers that people in some parts of Australia are still writhing with the problem of the means of ridding their country of the rabbit pest.

About a year ago I indulged in the—folly, perhaps, I should say—of suggesting a remedy. But no attention seems to have been given to my plan. Most likely the question was asked: "Who is this? Have any of the rulers believed in him?" Failing in an affirmative answer, the missive found its way to the waste-basket—perhaps it was not even read.

The means I proposed was an overgrown conidal wire trap—the mouse trap enlarged to about three feet in diameter, and say two feet high, with a hole of the floor of twelve or more inches in diameter. Set this over a pit in the ground, secured against caving by sinking an empty sugar hogshead, crockery case, or any means of protection. Bait with some kind of tantalus, fragrant apples, or whatever the rabbits are fond of, in a fine rushed wire basket, so that they can not eat it. The reason I give for making the trap so high is, that a live rabbit may be suspended in a small wire cage inside the trap, to attract by its blandishments, if it has any, the outside marauder. By this means, the extent of the catch will only be limited by the supply of game, and the capacity of the receptacle prepared for them. Rats, timid, alert, with a sagacity little short of human reason, can be caught by the barrel full, if there are so many in the vicinity.

Another subject.—I voted for one Harrison in 1840, and voted for another Harrison in 1888. I will remember the Log Cabin campaign of 1840, the hard cider, and the gourd, and the coonskin.

Some of us remember that the Democracy were not then opposed to protecting the wool interest, as will be readily understood, when it is remembered that their candidate for vice-president was Richard, the wool grower.

Since memory carries me back to 1840, and earlier, I may record the prices of some things the farmers of that period had to sell. I came to Ohio in 1837 and settled in Stark county. That year peaches were sold at ten cents a bushel; a two-horse wagon load of pumpkins for fifty cents; your fire wood—body wood—was delivered at your wood pile, corded up, at one dollar a cord.

Then there were no monopolizing factories to grind the face of labor, or dictate prices to the farmer, but things stood pretty much on their own merits. If it were worth while, I might recall some other things, of which I am reminded by Mr. Maher's sound, sensible and truthful articles about files, saws, and knives and forks.—S. D. CHAMBERLIN, Toledo, Oct. 15, 1888.

Indigestion in Cows.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Do any of the readers of the Farm department know what would be good for costiveness in a cow. I bought the cow a month ago and she has been constipated ever since I had her, so I think it must be a failing. Her food is pumpkins, and she runs out and eats grass. Her feces are so hard that it seems to hurt her to relieve herself. Also what would be the best food for her in this condition? Please tell me what is the best food to make cows produce milk and whether wheat bran is good. Will some one please answer soon. MRS. N. C. B., Reynoldsville, Ohio.

Ravages of Mice and Rabbits.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—To protect young fruit trees from the ravages of mice and rabbits, take rough one-inch boards four and six inches wide, and saw into pieces say twenty inches long, and nail together so as to form a six-inch square box, open ends, by fastening the last piece by means of a loose nail or screw in the middle of the edge on one side only, then by turning it the box can be placed around the tree, and when turned back it will form a tight box, and if pressed into the ground it will exclude the mice. If the boards are sawed beveling for the lower ends, the pressing into the ground can be easily done. If the lumber is of durable wood the boxes will last a lifetime. I have tried it for 30 years, and save trees. The boxes should be removed in the spring, and replaced in the fall until the trees are out of danger. We prefer this device to tar, grease, or blood, as the two former are injurious to the health of the trees unless it is removed in the spring, which would be tedious and too likely to be neglected.

We had thought at one time of having this decided, but concluded that the demand for its use would not justify the expense to do so.—J. J. COVER, Shanesville, Ohio.

To Keep Flies From Bacon.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Here is a recipe for keeping flies from bacon: Procure about 5c worth of powdered borax for each hog and sprinkle upon meat, except on skin, with a pepper box. When hung to smoke, put on where joints are cut off. It is not unhealthy.—J. M. GRAVES, Nortonville, Kansas.

Who Can Tell?

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Can any of your readers give an answer to my query, "What will drive away weasels? They attack my fowls and suck the blood under the wing.—N. F. WEBER, Lyndon Station, Wis.

Remedy for Rabbits Gnawing Fruit Trees.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have a remedy against rabbits gnawing fruit trees, which I have successfully used for eight years. Dissolve a small lump of asafœtida in water, and apply with a small brush about twice during the winter.—J. H. L., Frederick, Kan.

Protection Against Rabbits.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The best protection against rabbits is: Go in the timber, select saddles larger than the ones you wish to protect, at any time when the bark will slip, with a knife. Slip the bark as long as you want—two feet is long enough. Slip off and put it around the tree. Neither rabbits, sheep or calves can hurt the tree if the bark is long enough to be out of their reach. These slips will last an indefinite time if taken off in spring and put on a body. When to be used again, put them in water and soak so that they will open.—WM. DICKERMAN, Marseilles, Ill.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Naval Rupture in Colt.

L. W., L'Anse, Michigan: For your ruptured colt but four months old, it would be a dangerous thing for you to run a horse nail through the rupture and lap it with thread as recommended to you by some. In older animals small skewers are at times run through the skin and wound around with silk thread, but hernia in a small colt should not be so treated. The best thing for you to do will be to take a piece of soft buckskin or other soft leather that will cover the part ruptured, on this spread a thin coating of shoemaker's wax. Have another piece of leather cut the same size as the other piece, only a little stronger. Then take a piece of small duck or strong muslin two inches wider than the length of the leather pieces. Double the duck or muslin and sew it together along the edges. Make it sufficiently long so that it will pass entirely around the body of the colt. On this band there should be about four small buckles, on one end and straps on the other. The band should fit closely around the body of the colt. Having everything in readiness, lay the colt gently on its back. Have plenty of assistance to hold it, so that it cannot injure itself. Cut the hair from around the rupture, and then carefully press the protruding part in. Now heat the leather with the wax on it a little. Press one side of the leather along the rupture so that the wax will hold. Gently bring the ruptured skin together, and cover the rupture over with the waxed leather. Put the other piece of leather over this, and then pass the band around the colt, buckling it over the back. The band should fit snugly. Let the band remain on from four to three months until the rupture is closed up. Young colts usually grow out of rupture, but at times it is necessary to assist nature.

Sugar-Cured Pork—Corned Beef.

J. R., Lock Haven, Pennsylvania: To pickle beef or pork, say 100 pounds, take 6 gallons of water, 9 pounds of salt, 3 pounds of brown sugar, 1 quart of molasses, 3 ounces of saltpetre, 3 ounces of red (or 3½ of black) pepper, and 1 ounce of potash. Boil and skim well. Let it get cold. Let the meat hang 24 hours after being killed. Salt it two days, and let the bloody brine run off. Wipe each piece with a damp cloth. Pack it in a sack, and put weights upon it. Then pour the brine over it. In five or six weeks, reboil the brine, skim well, and, when cold, pour over the meat. The meat should be entirely covered with brine and a cloth kept over it. If pork is intended for bacon, hang it to smoke for three or four weeks, the time depending upon the size. The above is the recipe of Mrs. Hill in the new family recipe book.

Osted Sarcoma.

A Reader, Pipe Creek, Texas: Your horse is suffering from a disease known as osteo sarcoma which is peculiar to the Western and Southern states. It originates in the osseous or long structure of the face. The bones swell and become spongy, the cellular textures of the bones being filled with a jelly-like substance. In some instances the bones seem perfect, but thin and very much enlarged. The bones swell from the eye to the nose. The limbs at times have a puffy appearance, and are stiff. The animal is debilitated, and has a staring coat, at most times. Jennings, in his work, "The Horse and His Diseases," says that his friend, G. W. Bowler, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has been very successful in treating this disease. The course pursued by him is to rub the swollen parts once a day with the following ointment: Mercurial ointment, 1 oz.; iodine ointment, 2 ozs. Mix well together. Give internally at the same time one of the following powders night and morning: Calomel, 1 oz.; iodide of potash, 2 ozs.; pulverized gentian root, 1½ ozs. To be made into 20 powders. Keep the animal in a dry, well ventilated stable, and the body warm, as long as this medicine is given.

Balky Horse.

R. B. H., Clark county, Illinois: Every horse that has ever been worked feels the superiority of man. Gentle treatment is the best method of inducing a horse to do his best. Most balky horses become so through fear. They become timid and lose control of themselves. If your team of mares are nervous the only way to overcome it is through great kindness, and securing their confidence to the utmost extent. The best way to treat a balky team is to step in front of them. Give each a bit of apple or a little sugar. Pat them on the head. Go along the side of each and see that the harness fits properly, pat them and speak kindly to them.

Then step in front of the one that balks the most and, after speaking kindly to it, gently start him to the right, then bring the team quietly to the left. Next start them to the right and bring them slowly but firmly to the collars. If they refuse to go do not get out of temper. Go over the process described again, and if the load is not too much to overtax them they will pull along. Horses that balk badly are frequently cured by persistently following out the above directions. If at first there is failure, success will eventually follow. It would be well in beginning the work of breaking them of the habit of balking to start with light loads. Many a horse is made to balk by shouting at the top of the voice to him and using the whip once. Horse gets thought he is going to be whipping and talking loudly to him does no good. He may be pounded unmercifully, but his only increases his excitement. He may wish to do all you want, but has lost all control of himself, and before he can again understand your wishes he must become calm and free from fear. An Eastern farmer says he had a pair of horses that would not draw a load without balking. Nevertheless on the road he would not get them to pull a pound when he had a cord of wood in the wagon. He got off the load, spoke kindly to them, and after gently patting them said: "I am going home; come home when you get ready." He went home, got feed ready for them, and about two hours after he had arrived at home the team came along all right. He found the load gone, something to eat they must haul the load home. They balked two or three times afterward, but he got right down from the load, treated them well, and went home. The horses soon followed, and it was not long until he had no more trouble with his team.

Retention of Urine.

J. B. S., Lackawanna county, Pennsylvania: We advise you not to use the catheter in the case of your horse that has retention of urine. As you have a veterinary near by, call him in. You may do injury with the instrument. In all such cases when a vertinary can be had, his services should be procured.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Buttermilk Is Important Food.

There has been some dispute about the value of buttermilk, says the *New England Homestead*, but from a practical test made by D. W. Little, this food is proved to be more valuable than is commonly believed. Not having hogs enough of his own to consume his buttermilk, Mr. Little contracted to feed a neighbor's hogs at 4 cents per pound. From May 15 to October 31 there were 51 head in the pen, some being put in and some taken out every week. It was an uneven lot of hogs and young pigs. They were quarrelsome, and of course did not do so well as would have been the case had the same hogs been together without a breaking until the end of the season. The 54 hogs weighed 6,385 lbs. when put in and 11,455 when taken out. This is a gain of 5,070 lbs., and at 4c is worth $202 80. About 207 bushels of corn in the ear were fed with 64,357 lbs. of milk. The corn cost $87.05, the milk 19½c per cwt.

In September of the pen was cleared, and 20 pigs, averaging 70 lbs., were then kept there until October 1, when they averaged 170 lbs., 69 bushels of corn, costing $24 85, and 17,157 lbs. of milk being fed. This made nearly 35c per cwt for creamery buttermilk. Mr. Little estimated that had he fed his own pork instead of feeding hogs for the neighbor, he would have realized 5c per lb instead of 4c, and that the milk through September and October would have brought him 44c per cwt. He say that buttermilk is commonly sold at 25c per barrel of 400 lbs. when it should bring at least $1. One great trouble is farmers have too much milk and not enough hogs. One hundred bushels of corn to 20,000 lbs of milk is the right proportion.

Apple Butter.

About a year ago, says a writer in *Vick's Magazine*, you asked whether the making of the above was among the "lost arts," and to judge by the recipe for making it which a writer gave you, I don't wonder. I will give you the old Pennsylvania plan, that we used to make by, and which we still follow here fifty years later.

If people will follow this, and then say the art is lost, I will quit giving instructions. To 40 gallons of good sweet cider, made from sound, ripe apples, use three bushels of select apples. The cider should be boiled down to one third or a little less before putting in the apples, which should be pared clean, all specks, bruises, seeds and seed cavities removed. They may be quartered, if or cut into eighths, if very large. If in a hurry, the apples can be boiled in a little water before putting into the cider. Stirring should commence as soon as the fruit gets soft and be kept up carefully until done. At all times prevent the flames of fire striking the kettle above the line of contents.

When boiled down to ten gallons it will be done, and it will be an article fit for a king. Put in earthen vessels, and when cold, dip clean, white paper into good whisky or brandy, and lay it over the tops. In four months from making, if kept in a garret (the best place), the jars can be inverted on the floor or shelf without running out. Will keep for years, and if made with the right kind of apples, such as Rambo and Smokehouse, or Bellflower, will become as smooth as cheese.

Pruning Grape Vines.

Fall pruning of grape vines is steadily gaining in favor. The advantages of pruning in November are many. As a rule, work is not so pressing at that season as it is in the spring, when every moment must be utilized, and enough time to do the work well can be devoted to it. The wood is sufficiently ripened, and the pleasant weather prevailing at this season makes outdoor work more agreeable than at any other time. If pruning is deferred until February it naturally proves a disagreeable job. In fall pruning more buds should be left than in winter pruning in order to guard against possible losses.

How to Have Healthy Swine.

Carefully abstain from giving any medicine whatever.

Keep large and small separate and not more than ten in a lot.

Feed regularly and liberally a variety of wholesome food, always some bulky food, and let each feed be eaten up clean before more is given.

Give wallowing places, ashes, charcoal and salt, and plenty of exercise in timber pasture yeilding shade roots, nuts, acorns, etc. But no doubly soured slops.

Provide ventilated shelters from wind, rain and show, but no litter. Hogs with litter get too warm. If you wish disease, put your hogs to the straw pile.

Maintain cleanliness in all things. Breed only mature animals, and never from a show herd. The offspring of immature or pampered animals is predisposed to disease.

Give pure water, from deep wells protected from surface water. Well water is not freezing cold in winter nor lukewarm in summer. Water from creeks (unless fed by springs), ponds or pools, is disease-breeding.

Pigs should be forwarded in early spring and kept on only growing foods—milk, bran, slop, oats, green rye, grasses, clover, sweet corn—until late fall; then fatten rapidly on corn mostly, but also green rye, blue grass, pumpkins, boiled potatoes and turnips with bran, steamed clover hay, etc. —*Home and Farm.*

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CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

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CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

News of the Week.

ALASKAN PEOPLE.

Persons Who Have Taken the Pains to Investigate Claim Mrs. Voorheis' Was Correct.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—The interview in the *World* of Monday (published in the BLADE that day), giving the result of Mrs. Voorheis's travels in Alaska, which vividly pictured the degraded condition of the Alaska women and the frightful abuses of the young squaws, has attracted wide attention. A reporter yesterday saw a number of persons who know something of that country and secured their views on the condition of affairs as revealed by Mrs. Voorheis, and which, it is her belief, demands some official attention. Mrs. Meagher, widow of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, visited Alaska last summer. She said:

"Yes, I read the article, and it is all true. People who stick to the civilized parts—Sitka and about there—who have a good roof over their heads and a good floor under their feet, and, above all, newspapers to tell pleasant things to them of the East, don't concern themselves with the wretchedness at their neighbors. The white people don't go there to live unless they can make money out of the mines, or use their residence there as a stepping stone to some office in the East. They don't worry about the Indians, who are being slowly exterminated. It would do no good if they did.

"I dare say you think I am very heartless to speak in this way. I have seen much of life in all the territories, and it is, unfortunately, true that conditions similar to those described by Mrs. Voorheis, are common to all communities where the roughest white element and the defenseless Indian are brought together.

"I must say that it is especially pitiable in the case of these 'Aleuts,' they are so peaceable and willing to yield to civilization. Why, the Indians in North America—and I've seen them all, too—these really make the best appearance. They are decently clothed; the men wear trousers and shirts, and the women some sort of dresses—a great improvement on blankets and feathers.

"The ravages of disease referred to in the story published are painfully evident. It is exterminating the Indians.

Mr. Ward McAllister, whose son was located in Sitka, the capital of Alaska, a few years ago, where he had the official post of judge, was asked if he had read the article in question. He replied:

"Yes, and I regard it as sensational—very sensational. I do not want to say anything about this Alaska business. It's a dirty pool, which you'd best not disturb. My son was there and he was very glad to get away. The place was for a long time entirely under the control of the missionaries. Mr. Jackson was really the chief power in Alaska.

"I do not know whether he is there now or not, but he had control of everything and dispensed the government money. But really all I know is heresay evidence. I was never there myself."

General Sherman was found in his sun

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PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND PHOSPHATES OF
LIME, SODA, IRON.

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Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases and Scrofulous Humors.

Almost as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, are very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood, in fact rejuvenates the whole system.

FLESH, NERVE, BLOOD, BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil; it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by DR. ALEXR. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Powderly Sustained in the Barry Expulsion by a Large Majority — Barry's Statement—The Funds Short.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 19.—A resolution was introduced to the effect that no action should be taken on the question of immigration restriction. This was adversely reported, and after a lively debate in which the question of foreign immigration was pretty thoroughly discussed, the committee report was adopted.

This settles the fact that the general assembly wishes some action taken looking to the restriction of foreign immigration, but just what means will be taken to bring about such a result cannot now be predicted. The committee on the state of the order still had the floor when a recess for dinner was taken.

The subscription of money for the payment of mileage and other necessary expenses was the endorsement of the Powderly administration. When it appeared that more money than was in the treasury was needed, D. A. 300, Pittsburg glassworkers, placed the contents of its treasury, amounting to $100,000, at the disposal of the order and handed in $5,000 for immediate use.

Mr. Powderly took advantage of the opening then made and called on those who wanted to help to stand up. A majority of the delegates arose quickly and announced the money they would give, the amount reaching $150,000, as already stated.

The committee of grievance reported the celebrated Barry case. Thomas B. Barry, of Michigan, member of the general executive board, was expelled from the order by that board for, as is alleged, circulating vilifying reports about the other members, notably in his speech last spring in Cooper Union, New York. Barry alleged he had not been given a fair trial according to the laws of the order. An appeal was taken from the decision of the board. This appeal came from the assembly at Dayton, Ohio, through L. S. Dosch, and was made by that assembly because of Barry's claim of unfair treatment.

As has been already said the matter was under consideration by the grievance committee, and by a unanimous vote they decided in favor of the general executive board. Their report was made to the general assembly and the debate then began. Although not, strictly speaking, a follower of Barry, George Schilling, of Chicago, took the floor in his defense and made a strong speech in favor of the expelled member for constitutional reasons.

General Master Workman Powderly resigned the chair to Secretary Ellicott, of the grievance committee, and made a careful statement of his side of the case. He had stated at the start of the debate that no applause would be allowed, so that delegates expressed their approval of what was said by their votes.

At the end of the debate the roll was called and the General Executive Board was sustained by a vote of 122 to 24. It is claimed by various delegates that those figures do not exactly represent the relative strength of the Barry and anti-Barry forces for, "of the 24," they say, "not more than half a dozen are actually Barry's close friends." Others place the number at three and all agree that many voted against the board for legal reasons and would support Powderly on any question of policy.

Mr. Barry this evening said: "I am at a loss to understand how men could act in that cowardly and unmanly manner. I have made charges against the general officers. All the charges I made were proved at the general assembly at Minneapolis. I am prepared to prove every statement I have made relative to their doings. There is the criminal court of the Knights of Labor, that is their court of the local assembly in which the accused holds membership. I have had no trial, or opportunity to defend myself. Now that I have been denied a hearing I shall take my case to the high court of public opinion and believe when the truth is known the men who control the Knights of Labor to-day and are living at the expense of every worthy will be considered the most infamous scoundrels that ever lived. I have been for 22 years a trade unionist and Knight of labor, and never had as much dirt as a fly speck on my card. I appreciate my position of being expelled for exposing their rascality. This is all I shall say at present. From now on the people may expect to hear from me daily until I shall have placed these men in their true light before the public."

Mr. Barry has given a statement to the public which is similar to the above, only at greater length.

Sunday evening a lecture for the benefit of the poor of this city was given by General Master Workman Powderly in Market Ie Hall. This was in charge of a local church and the proceeds will be disbursed by it. The subject was intemperance.

A NEW DEAL.

Some Important Changes Made in the Laws Governing the Knights of Labor.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 20.—That Powderly is the ruling mind in this General Assembly has been evident for some time, and it was more than apparent at the morning session to-day. As was stated in these dispatches yesterday, Powderly had signified his willingness to continue in office under certain conditions.

The report of the committee on Law was submitted, and was exactly in accordance with the conditions expressed by Powderly. The "one man power" advocated by him in his annual address is having effect. Section 15 of Article 3 of the constitution was amended by the committee to provide that the elective officers shall be general master workman, general worthy foreman, general secretary, treasurer, general director of womans' work; the general executive board shall consist of four members besides the general master workman, and the general co-operative board shall consist of seven members besides the general worthy foreman.

All except the general executive board and general co-operative board shall be taken from the floor of the general assembly and when elected shall serve two years.

This is a reduction of two members in each board, besides a union of the offices of secretary and treasurer, and is that much of a saving of expenses.

But the place where Powderly's influence most appears is in section 16 of the same article, which shall hereafter provide that the general master workman shall be chairman ex-officio of the general executive board, and shall, as soon as practicable, submit to the general assembly the names of eight persons eligible, under the constitution, from which the general assembly shall select four members; this shall be done as soon as possible and at the same session at which the general master workman is elected. This action further provides that the general worthy foreman shall be ex-officio chairman of the general co-operative board and that he shall submit to the general assembly four names from which they shall elect two which shall constitute that board.

On the floor a long debate followed the introduction of these amendments.

It was desired to reduce the term of office and to change the size of the board, but such propositions were defeated and the report of the committee was adopted by more than the required two-thirds majority.

General Master Workman Powderly and General Worthy Foreman Richard Griffiths, of Chicago, will probably be retained in their present positions and will, under these new laws select their own advisers.

The committee on law still has the floor when the dinner recess was taken, and it was enough work out out for the convention to take up all the time for the rest of the week if not longer.

Canada's Defenses.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 20.—It is expected that the commission on the defenses of Canada, appointed by the Dominion last spring, will commence operations in a few days.

For the present the commission will content itself with an examination of the different reports, plans, maps and dispatches pertaining to Canada's defences now in possession of the department.

Subsequently the deputies of the different districts will be called upon to supply what additional information is required.

POLITICAL.

EVERYBODY IS GUESSING.

Tongues Hung in the Middle and Wagging at Both Ends.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The local papers of Washington, as well as all the metropolitan dailies, which are received here every morning, continue to discuss the personnel of President Harrison's cabinet, and it is rather amusing to see how varied are the guesses which are made. Scarcely a day passes that new states are not made up and broken, and some of the names suggested for places around the official mahogany are absurd in the extreme. There never was a time after a Presidential election when the cabinet guessers were so greatly at sea as they are this year.

Not a man in Washington can predict intelligently a single name as a sure member of the cabinet, and it is universally admitted for the first time in years that there is no room to think that the President-elect has made a single promise. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that Gen. Harrison will select the very best men available as advisers, and even the most astute politicians admit that they have not the slightest idea, based on anything authentic, whom he is considering in connection with the various portfolios. It is true that letters have been received from Indianapolis giving alleged authentic forecasts, but there is no good reason for supposing that the writers of these letters have any better way of finding out the intentions of Gen. Harrison than those who have not seen him, as all who have had the pleasure of conversing with the President-elect say that he has parried all inquiries touching his intentions in this respect.

It was not at all surprising to the initiated to hear this afternoon that the President had tendered the post of minister to Spain to Congressman Perry Belmont, of New York. The young man declined a renomination to Congress because the goal comes too high for even his expensive tastes. It is said that his election expenses in 1886 were upward of $65,000, and that it would have cost him, or his father, as much as that or even more to have secured a return to Congress this year. The politicians in his district regarded him as a lamb to be shorn, and have sheared him upon every opportunity. When he declared his intention of retiring from the House some months ago, he was asked if he intended to enter the diplomatic service, and he evaded a direct answer.

It is learned that his name has been mentioned in connection with this post ever since the resignation of Mr. Curry, but the President hesitated about tendering it to him until after the result of the election became known. Perry Belmont has few of the elements of a successful diplomat and his enemies here assert that the President's hesitation was due to his determination to appoint a better qualified man to the place if he had been re-elected. As Mr. Cleveland is to retire to private life so soon, he probably thought that Mr. Belmont would make a "good minister until after the fourth of March."

AN OLD GAME.

Chairman Quay Is Not Frightened by the Democratic Bluff.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Chairman Quay is not uneasy because of the reports that Gen. Clark, the clerk of the House, may leave off the official roll of the Fifty-first Congress the names of Republicans in sufficient number to give the Democrats control of the organization. This game was tried by the clerk of the Twenty-fifth Congress at the opening of the Twenty-sixth Congress in December, 1839. By virtue of his office the clerk then called the House to order, and in calling the roll ignored the names of certain members from New Jersey and thus prevented the legitimate majority for four days from organizing the House. Finally John Quincy Adams, who had already served a term as President, and elected to Congress, got tired of the deadlock, and broke it by rising from his seat and putting the question himself to the New Jersey men The action startled the clerk and his party, but they could do nothing but submit, and the organization was then completed.

STILL COUNTING.

Goff's Election Seems Assured, but from Reports it Would Seem the Democrats are Still Counting.

WHEELING, Nov. 16.—Dispatches received by the Republican state committee increase Goff's majority from 76 to 302. The re-count in Fayette county gave him an increase of 100, and authentic returns from McDowell make the other difference. Owing to the re-count these figures are still subject to revision.

Later returns give McGinnis, (Rep.) for Congress in the Third district, 35 majority. The Democratic state committee still claims Fleming's election for Governor by 200 or 300, but furnish no figures.

CHAIRMAN QUAY'S FIGURES.

The Republican Majority in the Next House Will Not Be Less Than Five.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Senator Quay, chairman of the Republican national committee, said to an Associated Press representative this afternoon that the Republicans would certainly have control of the next House of Representatives by five and that their majority might be nine.

"There are several doubtful districts, the result in which he said would determine whether their majority would be the higher or lower figure given.

Mr. Quay declined for the present to give any particulars upon which his figures were based, or to state what districts were still regarded as doubtful.

Missouri Official.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 17.—Official returns of the Presidential and gubernatorial vote give these totals: Cleveland, 261,957; Harrison, 236,325; Fisk, 4,954; Streeter, 15,853. Total vote, 519,089. Cleveland's plurality, 25,632; majority, 4,825.

For Francis (Democrat), 255,822; Kimball (Republican), 241,591; Manning (Labor), 15,349; Lowe (Prohibitionist), 3,076. Francis's plurality, 13,231. He lacks 5,194 of having a majority.

Iowa, Official.

DES MOINES, Nov. 17.—Official returns received by the secretary of state to-day settles the closest election contest in the history of Iowa. Out of a total vote of over 400,000, Day, Democrat, has 600 majority over John Mahin, Republican candidate for railroad commissioner.

The other Republican candidates, Smith and Campbell, have large majorities. It is 31 years since a Democrat has been elected to any state office in Iowa.

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUTH.

Gen. Harrison's Election Looked on With Joy.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 17.—A political sensation was caused here by the publication of a double-leaded editorial in the *News and Courier* on President-elect Harrison. Capt. Theodore Gilliot of the *News and Courier*, is a member of the Democratic national executive committee, and has just returned from a visit to Washington. The editorial says:

"Those who have known Gen. Harrison long and intimately find excellent points in his character. The cleanness of his private life has never been disputed. It is evident that he is not wanting in manliness. Gen. Harrison's war record is more than respectable. By merit, not by political influence, he won the stars of brigadier-general. In civil life he has been bold and uncompromising. The intellectual force of Gen. Harrison has been questioned, but his intimates regard him as a man of big brain. With this goes, it is asserted, an invincible confidence in himself.

"This is not the view of the President-elect that was taken by the Democrats in the late canvass. The caricaturists and campaigners then treated him as a blind or stalking horse for an Eastern statesman, but the head no longer appears too small for the hat. The friends of General Harrison are outspoken in declaring that he will be his own man as President, that his policy will be the policy of the administration, that he will be the dominant spirit of the national government, that there will be no power, seen or unseen, behind the executive chair.

"Under such circumstances it can not be expected that Mr. Blaine will be secretary of state. There will be no Maine label on the new Cabinet. Mr. Blaine loves power and fancies himself a statesman. He and General Harrison would not hang together for a month. It will be difficult to constitute the Cabinet so as to satisfy the President and the claimants.

"Gen. Harrison will require the secretaries to be in complete accord with him on important questions, and probably there is not much chance for the elements represented by Dudley and Quay. Their usefulness is exhausted.

"What of the South? It is evident from the utterances since the election there is less desire than ever before to dragoon the states. There have been bloody talk. War paint has been plentiful. It is not unlikely that Senator Chandler will press the bill to regulate the elections in the South which he introduced last winter, but there are conservative influences at work. Many millions of Northern and Western capital are already invested in the South. Many more millions can profitably be placed in the Southern states.

"This will go far to prevent violent and coercive legislation. There is likewise a widespread feeling that nothing is to be gained by attempting to restore negro rule and carpet-bag control in the South. The experiment has been tried, and there is little temptation to repeat it. Whatever the purpose or desire there can be no legislation inimical to the South for a year or more unless a special session of Congress be called.

"The conclusion we have come to is that the Southern people have little reason at present to fear extreme measures on the part of Gen. Harrison or of Congress, and the Southern people themselves—the Southern Democracy—can strengthen by their conduct the hope of continued peace and progress."

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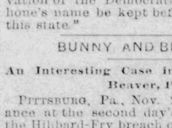
INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

IN VIRGINIA.

The Wise-Mahone Struggle for Office is Great.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 15.—A singular condition exists among the Republicans in Virginia in consequence of the recent election. It is the wrangle between the Mahone and the anti-Mahone elements over the offices. Each side is making up a slate, including even minor places, and each is contending that it will have the ear of President Harrison to the exclusion of the other. The anti-Mahonites contend that the Mahones and ill-fame has been the heaviest load the Republican party in Virginia has had to carry.



GENERAL MAHONE.

They instance the fact that Virginia this year will send to Congress the largest number of Democratic Representatives it has ever had, and aver that a fear even among Republicans of a restoration of Mahone rule in the state caused them to secretly vote for the Democratic nominee in preference to the candidates for Congressmen who had been indorsed by Mahone.

They also instance the fact that the Fourth district elects a Democrat for the first time owing to Mahone's persistency in placing his own nominee in the field. The Mahone element, in reply, are very quiet, but emphatic, and assert that Mahone made these anti-Mahone people, and that their revolt is base ingratitude which Mr. Quay will very promptly rebuke.

They say that Mahone had Quay's sanction in all he did, and so they have proceeded to give out the list of postmasters, letter carriers, etc. It was given out from Mahone sources that he was taken suddenly with bad health and was on the way to Europe. His opponents, therefore, were lulled into a relaxation of their watch on him.

J. D. WISE.

To their honor the Washington papers of to-day reported that their adversary was in that city, having a long talk with Quay. The anti-Mahone element say that General Harrison used all the influence at Chicago for them against Mahone, and that the President elect knows the real nature of the ex Virginia boss. Then the Mahone element ask with much gusto:

"What was Mr. John S. Wise, one of your anti-Mahone men, doing on election day? He voted early, and then went off hunting."

This evokes the response:

"What was Mahone himself doing on election day? Finding that he could not get in himself, he was using all his efforts to defeat Langston, the colored Republican nominee, just because Langston would not submit to ring rule."

Then the anti-Mahone man brings out his trump card:

"Our anti-Mahone ex-governor, Cameron, was of importance enough to be called out to Indiana to speak for the Republican party."

Each side is confident of success. It is an amusing feature of the contest that the Democrats desire Mahone's success in this matter. Said one of them to-day:

"His name is the only thing the Democrats have to bring out a full vote next year. The war cry will not be so much anti-Republican as anti-Mahone—anything to beat Mahone. It is necessary to the salvation of the Democratic party that Mahone's name be kept before the people of this state."

BUNNY AND BUNTING.

An Interesting Case in the Courts at Beaver, Pa.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 20.—The attendance at the second day's proceedings of the Hibbard-Fry breach of promise case at Beaver, Pa., was larger than yesterday. Ladies were in the majority in the front benches, and seats were at a premium. The first witness was Kate Hibbard, the 17 year-old daughter of the plaintiff.

She was dressed in a short black dress, a neat black jacket, and broad-brimmed, blue-lined Gainsborough hat. She has a broad, heavy face, with small, keen, dark eyes. She was examined by Mr. Thomas Cunningham for the prosecution, and was cross-examined by Mr. Harrah. Mrs. Hibbard watched her daughter with a Roman matron cast of countenance, while Mr. Fry watched her with a mixture of curiosity and surprise.

She testified as to the distance from her place of residence to that of Mr. Fry, the defendant. She said that he was accustomed to pass her home every day. He called upon her mamma early in the fall of 1886. Mr. Fry called, went up stairs, and remained until after 10 o'clock. He came to the front store door, and her mamma met him there and took him up stairs where they played checkers. He came off and on for about a year and a half.

If he was at home he came once a week. Sometimes mamma would be looking for him and then would meet him at the door. He came at such times about 7:30 p. m. and left about 11 o'clock. One evening she was passing through the back parlor and observed him holding her mamma's hand. When he saw her he dropped it. Mamma looked confused and smiled.

Upon cross-examination she said her mother did not wear a wig when Mr. Fry called, but wore false bangs.

Reference by the witness to a sweet look led to a demand from Mr. Harrah, counsel for defense, for a demonstration of such a look. Miss Kate said she could not illustrate such a look, but said Mr. Fry doubtless could.

Mr. Crosby, chief clerk of the Hotel Anderson, in Pittsburg, was next called. He said that he did not know the whereabouts of the first part of the register book for November, although he had searched for it. Several parties had called to see it, including Mr. Dougherty and the plaintiff.

TOOK HER LIFE.

A Lover's Quarrel Ends With Fatal Results in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—A trivial lovers' quarrel resulted in the death of Annie Scholt at her home last evening. A stormy scene between Annie and her lover, Theodore Rudeless, occurred Saturday.

Annie brooded over this, and about 5 o'clock last evening she went to her room and shot herself in the right side of the head.

The report of the weapon aroused the girl's mother and her brother and sister. On entering Annie's room they found her lying dead upon the floor, her brains oozing out and her hand clutching a revolver.

Returns from all the counties in Tennessee make Cleveland's plurality 19,284; majority, 13,517. For governor, Taylor's plurality is 17,822; majority, 10,979.

WASHINGTON.

SCHOFIELD'S REPORT.

A Year of Peace Among the Indians of Our Land.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Major-General Schofield, in his annual report, says the past year has been one of peace among the Indians formerly so troublesome in the division of the Pacific; and that in the division of the Missouri, with the single exception of the suppression of disorder among the Crow Indians, the use of troops has been limited to the prevention of possible trouble with Indian tribes.

The system of practice of the artillery with heavy coast guns has been steadily developed and is now adapted for the entire sea coast of the country. He believes the troops will be fully prepared to handle effectively the weapons of modern construction and of the largest caliber as soon as such weapons can be made ready to be placed in their hands. A moderate increase in the numerical strength of the force to handle the new guns will be indispensable.

Referring to fortifications the general says the time and circumstances now seem peculiarly favorable to placing the sea coast and frontiers of the country in a state of security, becoming the dignity of a great and proud, though just and peaceful nation.

Reference is made to the impairment of the efficiency of the army through absence of officers from their regiments or corps. He thinks that the service would be greatly benefited if such officers as are disabled could be retired and their places filled by young and active men. If the retired list be temporarily increased for this purpose, in a few years most of the great number of veterans who were disabled in the late war will have passed away, and the list which now seems large will have become greatly reduced in numbers.

The reduction in pay of officers on leave is, he thinks, no longer necessary, and results in relative favoritism to the few officers which have other means of support besides their pay.

There were 2,436 desertions from the army during the past year, and the average desertions for each of the last five years were 10.3 per cent. of the entire enlisted strength of 51.5 per cent. during the whole period. Gen. Schofield recommends that the reward for the arrest of deserters be increased to $100, to be taken out of the deserter's retained pay, and that it be made practicable in time of peace for an enlisted man to dissolve his contract of enlistment in a manner honorable to himself and just to the government by obtaining a discharge with forfeiture of so much of his retained pay as may be necessary to reimburse the United States for expenses.

In a report to the Major-General, Adjt. Gen. Drum also called attention to the evil of desertion, which may be greatly lessened by the adoption of remedial measures, such as the reduction of the term of service from five to three years, and the right to purchase discharge. During the last year there were 24,710 applicants for enlistment, 18,017 of whom were rejected. The accepted recruits embraced 727 colored, 4,136 natives, and 2,557 foreigners. The Adjutant General says that notwithstanding every effort has been made, so far as the recruiting appropriation would warrant, to secure the necessary recruits to fill the army, it is still more than 1,800 below the authorized strength of 25,000 enlisted men, and many of the regiments are greatly reduced.

HUNTING FOR A JOB.

Speculation as to What Business Cleveland & Co. Will Enter.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—A lull in the amusement of guessing at the personality of the cabinet of President Harrison seems to be generally devoted to surmises as to what the heads of this administration will do when they strip off their robes of office. In most instances this has passed the point of surmise, and nearly every one of the individuals of most importance has freely revealed his intentions. It is much easier for the members of the cabinet to decide than for the President. Mr. Cleveland has been in office for so long that the law business he once had has entirely slipped away from him.

Although bred to the law he is practically a man without a calling. He is, therefore, in greater doubt than any of his colleagues in administration. He frankly admits that he does not know what he will do. "I will rest awhile," he said to an intimate friend yesterday; "I may go to Europe for a time, but I have decided on nothing yet."

The New York *Sun's* Washington special says: President Cleveland does not expect to become identified with any company or counsel for a corporation when he retires from the executive mansion on the 4th of next March. He has not decided to go to Europe nor will he live in retirement at Oakview or sell that fine suburban property, as various reports have stated. First of all Mr. Cleveland will take a good long vacation when he retires from office. He will spend some time in New York City, and perhaps make a Western trip later in the spring, as far as the Pacific Coast.

When summer opens it is likely to find him at his brother's parsonage, up on the edge of the North Woods, ready to strike into the wilderness for a good long fishing expedition, and then—well, Mr. Cleveland himself does not know just what he will do next. He is not as deliberate in making up his mind about settling down in life as he is in determining his acts in public life.

The chances are that another autumn will see Citizen Grover Cleveland one of the 1,600,000 souls that make up the population of the great metropolis. But the rest and bathing and travel are to come first, and about the latter, especially, there will be many consultations, in which Mrs. Grover Cleveland's views will have great weight, before a programme is decided upon.

Oakview will not be sold unless somebody should offer a very big price for it. It will not long be the home of the Clevelands, but they will hold it as an investment. The lands all around it are rapidly increasing in value and it will some day be worth a great deal of money. An electric railroad will run out to it from the city by another summer.

CAN NOT LAST LONG.

How Benedict Has Ruled the Office o Public Printer.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The contemptible meanness of the present administration of the government printing office was exemplified again last night, when a number of employes were without warning dismissed from their places. When the reason was asked for their sudden removal no satisfaction could be obtained from the public printer, but it is a singular fact that the dismissed employes were some who had refused to pay assessments levied upon them by the New York State Democratic association prior to the late election. A radical reform will be needed in the government printing office when General Harrison enters the White House. Benedict has filled the institution largely with his own New York friends, creating soft billets for them when they were unable to do the work of practical printers.

SHAM CIVIL SERVICE.

Only a Few Months More and the Country Will Have a Pure Government.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The attention of the Postmaster General has been called to a shameful violation of the spirit of the civil service law out on the Pacific Coast. Half a dozen or more postal clerks running on the route between San Francisco, Cal., and Portland, Ore., were dismissed without cause, but on investigation it was discovered that the only reason the department had for its action was an allegation the men were Republicans.

Representative Hermann, of Oregon, looked into the matter and found that the removals were based simply upon the publication of a list of the Harrison and Morton club, in Portland, in which list the names of the postal clerks were printed.

A slipping from a newspaper containing the names, the latter each marked in red ink, was the only paper or document Hermann could find at the department, and the presumption is that this was the sole reason. No other being assigned, Senator Hale will air the matter a little during the coming short session when he makes his report for the committee appointed to investigate alleged abuses of the civil service law.

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PERRY BELMONT.

The President Has Appointed Him Minister to Spain.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The *World* says: Congressman Perry Belmont has been appointed United States Minister to Spain. He sent a letter to the President by last night's mail accepting the position. The place has been vacant for some time. The fact of the appointment has been kept secret, but Mr. Belmont, who was seen last night admitted it and said he had decided to accept. He will sail for Spain early next month.

Mr. Belmont has been chairman of the House Foreign Affairs committee during the last two congresses, and is well equipped for the position. He was not a candidate for reelection, and would have retired from the House on the 4th of next March. His appointment was not generally known last evening, but it will be received as a fitting tribute to Mr. Belmont's services to his party.

How the Democrats Would Like to Dispose of the Surplus Now that They See Their Power Slipping from Them.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—There are indications that the Democratic House may attempt to take advantage of the last opportunity to distribute a lot of money from the Treasury in Southern States. Efforts will probably be made to refund the cotton tax and pay a lot of old swamp land claims, which would give $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 to the South.

ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN.

The Sixteenth Annual Congress Association in Session in Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 14.—[By Associated Press.]—A meeting of noted women of America and several European countries, representatives of every sphere of woman's work and every school of thought, convened to-day at the church of Our Father. It is the sixteenth annual congress of the association for the advancement of women. Over 250 of the 500 members of the association are here, among the most noted present are Miss Caligna Kenedja, of Constantinople; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Frances Willard, Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, of Elizabeth, N. J.; Mrs. Ada M. Fredickinsen, of Denmark; Mrs. G. B. Easby, of Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. C. Pierce, of Philadelphia; Rev. Ida C. Hutton, of Iowa; Mrs. Caroline Brown, of Chicago; Mrs. Dr. Mowery, of Providence, R. I.; of Miss Ella Lapham, Faedonia, N. Y.; Mrs. H. T. Walcott, Dedham, Mass.; and Mrs. Harriett Townshend and Mrs. D. A. Austin, of Buffalo.

DETROIT, Nov. 15.—(Special correspondence.)—At 2:30 yesterday afternoon the sixteenth annual Woman's Congress assembled at the church of Our Father, and was declared open by its president, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

The church was filled, even to its last inch of standing room, and the earnest, intelligent faces of the audience spoke the spirit in which the Congress was filled.

Mrs. Howe made a few opening remarks, and then introduced Senator Palmer, who welcomed the Congress for the city and state. The mayor's letter of welcome was read by Miss Bates, president of the local Woman's club.

The interest in the regular business of the afternoon was much impaired by the inability to hear the speakers. A poem was read on "The Social Conscience," but the event of the afternoon was the chance speech of a Greek woman, Calliope Hechayia, called upon to say anything she might wish to say.

She held the audience for half an hour, while she pictured the struggles of her country women for an education, and the great success of the industrial school at last established.

She spoke in the English language, foreign to her, simply, fluently, and was heard by every one.

At the close of her talk the meeting was adjourned to attend the reception tendered the congress by Mr. Frederick Stearns, at his beautiful home on Lafayette avenue.

The evening session was opened by a vigorous plea against the admission of Utah as a state. Miss Willard, the main feature of the evening, followed with a most stirring address on "Social Purity." Miss Willard is a plain speaker, but her sincerity and eloquence lift the audience fired with her own enthusiasm. Rev. Ida Hutton, of Iowa, followed in the same strain, and with a few words from Antoinette Brown Blackwell, always welcome, the congress was adjourned to-day. The full number of members have not yet arrived, but the room is now so crowded that many stand during the addresses, and many are turned away. The exercises will be resumed to-morrow afternoon.

The Trouble at Hayti.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The Navy department has no information of the reported surrender to the commander of the United States steamer Boston, of the steamer Haytien Republic by the authorities of Hayti. The only report received from Capt. Ramsay, (and this was received by mail) stated that the Haytien officials had released the American schooner William Jones, which had been seized on suspicion of engaging in filibustering, after an investigation which established her innocence.

A BOOM FOR DAN.

Grover Would Like to Make Him Judge Advocate General to Succed Swaim.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The lively strife among the army officers who aspire to appointment as staff officers has been still further stimulated by the report which is gaining currency that the President contemplates the appointment of his private secretary, Col. Lamont, as judge advocate general to succeed Gen. Swaim.

If the President has such an intention and decided to follow precedents regulating the appointment of civilians to high military posts he would first make Col. Lamont a major in the United States army. He would then be nominated to the Senate as judge advocate general, and if the nomination were confirmed by the Senate, the confirmation would have the effect to remove the present judge advocate, Gen. Swaim, who is now under suspension upon sentence of a court martial. This course would be in line with regular military procedure while some delicate legal points would be involved if the appointment should be made to the higher office directly.

QUIETLY MARRIED.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain Takes an American Girl for a Wife.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—Quietly and simply, in the presence of the bride's relatives and personal friends, a few of the members of Washington's official society and of several hundred of the general public, Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Miss Mary Endicott were married at 2 o'clock this afternoon in St. John's Episcopal church. The church was absolutely without floral or other decorations and the awning stretched across the sidewalk to the carriage step was the only sign of any unusual ceremony. No cards or formal invitations had been issued. There was no best man nor bridesmaids and the entire service was characterized by extreme simplicity.

After the ceremony the party went to the home of the bride's parents.

Rev. Dr. Leonard, assisted by Rev. Mr. Franks, of Salem, Mass., performed the Episcopal wedding service.

MANITOBA VICTORIOUS.

She Will Have a Responsible Government Next Year.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 20.—It is reported that a full measure of responsible government in the Northwest will be granted next year.

SENATOR COLQUITT.

Georgia's Senator Re-Elected — Grady Would Not Run.

ATLANTA, Nov. 20.—A. H. Colquitt was to-day re-elected United States Senator. Mr. Grady refused to run.

Indiana, Official.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 14.—Official returns of the vote for Governor of Indiana were completed last night. Total Gubernatorial vote, 536,634, against 495,294 for Governor in 1884. Gen. Hovey, (Rep.), 263,154; Col. Matson, (Dem.), 261,003; Hughes, (Prohib.), 8,776; Milroy, (Labor), 2,661. Hovey's plurality, 2,191, against 7,292 for Governor Gray in 1884.

The Prohibition vote in 1884 was 8,338. Official returns for Presidential electors are not yet complete, but thus far indicate that the Presidential vote was only a few hundred in excess of the Gubernatorial. Official returns of the Congressional vote will be completed to-morrow.

Trustee Tom Linn, of Cheatham county, Tennessee, has fled to parts unknown. An examination of the books shows a shortage of $6,128.

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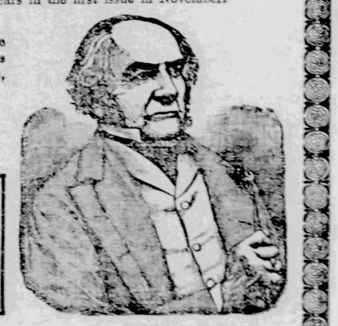
The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone
Has written, especially for THE COMPANION, an article on "The Future of the English-Speaking Races," which appears in the first issue in November.

Household Articles will be published frequently, giving useful information in various departments of home life—Cooking, Embroidery, and Decoration of the Home, without and within. The Editorial Page gives timely articles about current events at home and abroad. The Children's Page is always crowded with Stories, Anecdotes, Rhymes and Puzzles adapted to the Youngest Readers.



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Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1888.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 20.	Nov. 13.
4's coupons	128¾	127
4's registered	128⅝	127
Pacific 6's of '95	121	122

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—3 p. m.—The stock market closed quiet at small fractions below the best figures of the day.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve—increase	$ 34,200
Loans—decrease	983,300
Specie—decrease	1,288,900
Legal tenders—increase	1,234,900
Deposits—decrease	352,800
Circulation—decrease	4,400,000

The banks now hold $11,421,000 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Money is easy at 1½@2 per cent. Bar silver, 93¾.

Outside of St. Paul and New England the stock market was extremely dull after 11 o'clock, and while a firm tone prevailed there was no movement whatever in the list and no feature of any kind.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 52¾; D. & H., 119½; D., L. & W. 137⅝; Erie, 26⅝; J. C., 99⅝; K. T., 13⅝; L. S., 99¾; L. & N., 86¼; M. C., 84½; Mo. Pacific, 78⅜; N. E., 46¼; N. Y. C., 108¾; N. W., 110¾; O. T., 30⅜; P. M. 88¾; R. I., 125; Reading, 48½; St. P., 64¼; U. P., 64½; W. U., 84⅞; C., B. & Q., ex-div., 109½.

TRADE.

Trade was a little slow during the past week, in a general way, excepting the movement of goods for the holiday trade. In these the volume of business was of good proportions.

THE MARKETS.

The Produce Market.

Quotations given below represent prices obtainable for round lots. Selected small lots from store are held somewhat higher:

Butter—Fine dairy 22@23c. per lb., fair to good 15@18c; extra roll, 18@20